

THE GAMESTER.

As

IT WAS PRESEN-

ted by her *Majesties* Servants

At the private House in
Drury-Lane.

Written

By JAMES SHIRLY.



LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON, for ANDREW
CROOKE, and WILLIAM
COOKE. 1637.

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IT WAS PRESENTED

to the Hon. the Lords of the Privy Council

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Down-Street.

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THE GAMESTER.

Actus. I.

Enter Master Wilding, and Mistress Penelope.



Wid. What neede you be so coy now?

Pen. Pray collect

Your selfe, remember what you are, and whose.

You have a vertuous gentlewoman, thinke

Upon your faith to her,

Wi. Thinke of a Fiddle-sticke.

While you put me in minde of what I am,

You quite forget your selfe : my wife I allow

Your kinswoman farre off, to whom a widdow

Your father left you, with a handsome fortune,

Which by her marriage, I have in possession,

And you too ; therefore as you hope to be

In due time worth a husband, thinke upon't :

I can deserve respect, then wisely use me,

As you would keepe me.

Pene. This is but a triall

Of my strength, for I know you have more charity,

(Should I consent) then Ship-wracke your owne honor.

But take heede sir, how you proceede to jest

With frailty, least too much disordering

The Gamester.

Your good thoughts, you forget and by degrees,
Loose your owne innocence.

Wi. I jest? you'd have me swear, and yet you should not
thinke it such a wonder: to love: come, shake off this frost, it
spoiles thee; your nature should be soft, and flexible; perhaps
thou thinkst, I doe not love thee hartily, I know not how to
give thee better testimony, then by offering my selfe to thee:
if my wife die, as tenn to one thee's not immortall, we may
couple tother way.

Pene. What argument is this to assure the truth of your af-
fection to me, that breake your vovwes to her?

Wi. Oh! great argument, and you observe: she was a wil-
dow when I married her, thou art a yong maide, and
handsome.

Pene. Can you be so ingratefull, to punish whom you should
reward, remember sir, shee brought you that wealth you have
tooke you from nothing

Wi. Ther's reason then, for nothing I should love her: hang
her estate, I was held a proper man, and in that point, de-
serv'd her, and shee had millions: and I were free againe, I
would not draw i'th teame of marriage for ten thousand
not to command a Province.

Pene. Yet you said, were your wife dead you'd marry me.

Wi. Onely thee, and no body else.

Pene. Twere dangerous to, have many.

Wi. To have one, is little lesse then madness; come, wo't
promise?

Enter Mistress Wilding.

Pene. What? *Wi.* A course, you know my meaning.

Mi. I doe not like this whispering, why with her
So close in parly?

Wi. Wo't thou doe this feate for me?

P. 'Tis finish'd in a paire of minuts.

Pene. Yes, upon one condution.

Wi. What condution?

Pe. That your wife give consent, you shall then command me.

Wi. I'll undertake to goe a pilgrimage
To Ierusalem; and returne sooner: wood

I did not love thee, love thee infinitely,

Thats all, 'twonot doe—My wife, I hope. *Exit Pene.*

Shee

The Gamester.

Shee has not eav'd dropd us ; what pittie tis
She cannot finde the way to Heaven ; I should not
Trouble her in hast, these wives will have no conscience,
But sticke to us everlastingly. Now Lady,
How did your monkey rest last night, you looke
As you had not done your prayers yet, I wonot disturbe you.

Mi. Pray sir stay, let me but know
Some reason why you use me thus unkindly ?
If I have beene guilty of offence, I am not
Past hope, but with the knowledge of my error,
'Tis possible I may amend, and please you.

Wi. I doe not like you. *Mi.* You did marrie me.

Wi. Yes, I did marrie you, her's too much record for't,
I would there were a Parson to unmarry us,
If any of our Clergie had that faculty,
He might repaire the old, and build as many
New Abbeyesthrough the Kingdome in a twelue month.
Shall I speake truth ? I never much affected thee,
I married thee for thy foules sake, not thy body,
And shall as soone get children on't : and yet
I doe not hate thee, wittesse, I dare kisse,
Hold thee by the hand, and sleepe in the same house,
And in thy bed sometimes, something ha's beene done.

Mi. Within the memorie of man, but —
'What sir ?

Wi. You have a scurvy quality wife, I told you on't.

Mi. Once more, and I'll correct it.

Wi. You are given to be jealous, I cannot
Ramble abroad in gentlemen's company
Whole dayes, ly out a nights, but you suspect
I am wanton, 'tis ill done, it becomes no modest
Woman: that loves her husband, to be jealous:
What e're she see, or heares, mend, mend this fault;
You do not know, how it may worke upon me.
Some wife will bid her husbands leverets welcome,
Keepe house together, and provide cleane sheets,
And cullices to fortifie ; you neere did it :
Know her owne Chamber and not come forth.
Till she be sent for ; if her husband kisse her,

The Gamester.

Sometimes, allow her clothes and other trinkets,
Suffer her carve at Table, she is satisfied,
And none o'th parish talke, she carries it
So handsomlie: these moralls I have read
Before now, but you put them not in practise,
Nor for ought I perceive, have disposition too't,
Therefore i'le take my course.

Mi. To shew I can
Be obedient to my griefes, from this time, sir,
I wonot urge with one unwelcome syllable,
How much I am neglected, i'le conceale it
Too from the world, your shame must needs be mine.
I see you doe not love me, where your heart
Hath plac'd a worthier thought, let it dwell ever,
Freely persue your pleasures, I will have
No passion that shall mutinie, you are,
And shall be Lord of me still.

Wi. I like this, if it be no disguise.

Mi. Do not suspect me,
I would sweare by a kisse, if you vouchsafe it,
You shall not keepe a servant, that shall be more humble.

Wi. And obedient to my will? *Mi.* In all things.

Wi. But if I bring home a mistress?

Mi. I'le call her sister.

Wi. What if there be one
Already, that does please me, will you not
Repine, and looke awry upon's, when we
Make much of one another?

Mi. So you will but sometimes smile on me too, i'le indeavour.

Wi. Well said, this may doe good upon me, as
I finde you prompt in this, I may consider
Other matters: to tell you true, I love
Your kinswoman. *Mi.* How?

Wi. I'th way you wot on, but
I finde her cold and peevish, how she maie
Be brought about I know not, 'twould shew well,
And be a president for other wives,
If you would put your helpe too't.

Mi. Goodnes blesse me.

Wi.

The Gamester.

Wi. One woman with another can doe more
In such a cause, then twentie men. I doe not
Wander, you see, out of the blood, this will
Be a way to justifie your obedience.

Ms. You shew a tyrant now, and stead of framing
My soule to patience, murder both. *Exit.*

Wi. I have gone too farre a conscience; this may
Spoile all, and now I thinke upon't, I was
A coxcombe to discover any party,
I must deny't againe, and carry things
More closelie. How now *Will*? *Enter Hazard.*

Ha. How now *Will*? 's that all?
Looke up, and aske me a question like a man,
What melancholy? *Wi.* No, no; a toy, a trifie.

Ha. That should be a woman, who'st thou art thinking on?
I have beene of your counsell.

Wi. I was thinking, o' my Wife—

Ha. I met her fadd.

Wi. I cannot blame her;
We have had a dialogue; come, thou know'st my bosome,

Ha. when do'st meane to lie with her?

Wi. I know not, but I have offer'd faire conditions:
Shee is very confident, I doe not dote
Upon her beauty, I have told her, sirra,
I love her kinswoman. *Ha.* Y'are not so mad.

Wi. The worlds deceav'd in her, shee'll give me leave,
To ramble where I list, and feede upon
What best delights my appetite.

Ha. He that has
An ambition to be strangled in his sleepe,
May tell his wife he loves another woman.

Wi. But I was not content with this, because
The other wench was somewhat obstinate,
I must needs urge my wife, to mollifie
And mold her, for my purpose. *Ha.* And she consented too?

Wi. No 'twould not doe.
This went against her stomacke and we parted.

Ha. Next time you see her, looke to be presented
With your mistresses nose for this, do'st thinke a woman

Can

The Gamester.

Can be so patient, to know her rivall
I'th same rooffe, and leave her eyes, to see thee
Agen? I am sorry for thee.

Wi. I am confident
Shee dare not : but for all that, would I had
Beene lesse particular.

Ha. Come, I love thee well,
But not thy wit, to carry things no handsomer:
You must unravell agen, and make your wife
Beleeve you did but try her.
How now, what's the newes here?

Enter Officers with Delamore wounded.

1 Off. Quickly to a Surgeon, beare him gently.

Ha. What's the businesse.

2 Off. Nothing, sir, but a gentleman is kild, and we are
Carrying him to a Surgeon.

Wi. Tis Jacke *Delamore*, he is not dead. *Ha.* Who hurt him?

Ha. *Malter Beament*; we cannot stay, sir.

Wi. Why they were friends.

2 Off. But wine made them fall out, some say, about
Their Mistresses.

Wi. I did expect a woman at one end on't.
What miserable fooles are men, to kill
One another for these Cockatrices!

Ha. I am sorry for poore *Beament*.

Wi. It would be long ere any mistresse would
Be so desperate for her servant, this is valor,
High and mighty valor.

Ha. Men must preserve
Their honors man, thou dost not know their quarrell?

Wi. Thou art held a peece of a kill-Cow too, looke too't
before the sessions take an order w'ee : i't not a great deale sa-
fer, now to skermish with a Peticote, and touze a handsome
wench in private; then be valiant in the streets, and kisse the
Gallowes for't? hang, hang this foolerie, let gentlemen
rather live, and pay their Tailors, then let their clothes en-
rich the hangmans wardrobe.

Ha. But skermishing as you call it, with the Peticote,
Is by some, held away to this preferment,

Your

The Gamester.

Your wenches ha bene sticklers, and some men
Dropt in their quarrell. *Wi.* Let them be such coxcombs.
They cannot die too loone; cannot I have
A Lady of pleasure, but to please her humour?
I must be engag'd to fight and kill men for her?
Because her healths refus'd, anothers nose
Or teeth preferd, substantiall grounds for murder,
We spend our blood too much another way;
Consumption take me, if I fight for one on em,
I will drinke single beere first, and live honest,
Gentlemen are come to a fine passe, doe not you
Thinke but tis possible, I may fight for all this?

Ha. There may be causes, that have women in em,
But I confesse, no polecats, or lewd strumpets,
Though I doe use the trickes o'th flesh, shall drive
Me to the Surgeon; I had a mother.

Wi. And I have a wife, would thou hadst her.

Ha. No, No, she is well as shee is,
There may be honor to defend these. *Wi.* Sometimes.

Ha. But ther's a mischief greater then all these
A base and sordid provocation,
Us'd among gentlemen, they cannot quarrell
About a glasse of Wine, but our files streight
Sonne of a whore, dead mothers must be torne,
Out of their graves, or living, have their names
Poysoned by a prodigious breath: it were
A brave and noble Law, to make this tongue
Be cut for't, it woud save much blood ith yeere,
That might be spent more honorable.

Wi. The lie grew a dull provocation, this has quickn'd us,
but leave this common place, thou canst not helpe it, lettstalke
of something else. Stay is not this Beaumont?

Enter Beaumont, and Officers.

Ha. Apprehended, alas poore gentleman; how now Ned?

Bea. As you see gentlemen, cald to my account.

Wi. We heard a peece of the misfortune, but
Be not dejected, he may live.

Bea. I feare it.

Pray lead me where you please, alas. *Violante!* this newes will
B wound

The Gamester.

wound thee too.

Wi. I'll be with him, and know the story.

Ha. I will but trouble me.

I can doe him no service, beside that.

I am engag'd to meete old Master Barnacle.

Enter Acre-lesse, Little-stocke, and Sell-away

Whither, whither Gentlemen, with your swords drawne?

Acr. Doeſt not ſee a gentleman led to Priſon?

Wee'll reſcue him from the Officers, come joyne with us!

We ſhall draw more to the cauſe.

Ha. You doe not meane
this raſhnes; hide your ſwords, be adviſ'd better;

D'ee know his fact? *Lit.* He has ſlaine a gentleman.

Sel. They ſay he is not dead, the wounds not mortall.

Ha. And will you make one paſt cure?

Acr. How doſt meane?

Ha. Upon your ſelves, coole your hot bloods a little,

No mutuny my countrymen, remember,

If he recover that is hurt, the tother

Will come off well enough, without your valour:

Breath, breath a while, you may if you have a minde too:

Inſtead of reſkuing, betray a gentleman,

And your ſelves too, to a danger. *Lit.* He ſayes right.

Ha. 'Tis ſcurvey wearing hempe, if you ſcape killing,

There be more butchers then ſell fleſh; and Citizens,

Have no mercy in their Clubs, eſpecially

When gentlemen have ſo litle wit, to bring

There heads to'th knocking downe, 'tis a revenge

They owe you for their wives, oh take heede mainly

Of theſe left handed Halberdiers. *Acr.* Confound 'em.

Ha. How many will you kill with your bird-ſpit?

You have more leggs and armes at home, which makes

You valiant, i'll not pare my nailes to day,

And yet I love my friend, as the beſt on you;

You know I dare fight too, but in this cauſe

You muſt needs pardon me, I beleeve the ſtoutest

That now would ſeeme all fire, and ſword, will goe

With as ill will to hanging, as another,

And will becom't as ſcurvily, take your courſes.

Sel.

The Gamester.

Sel. I thinke 'tis better:

Ha. O'th two, to go to the Taverne, and be drunke
In your owne defence, a wench is not so dangerous
Nor the Disease that waites upon her.

Acr. What if the gentleman that's hurt should die?
Then ther's no hope for tother.

Ha. Lesse for you,
You would be guilty of his murder too,
And snatch him from the Law, why you may doo't:
Tis pity but the government should thanke you,
And if you scape the halter for't, it may be
Another man in time, may cut your throate,
And ther's one for another, paid in the blood.
Come be your selves, these are not acts of gentlemen,
Where shaine, not honor must reward your daring,
Though we be wild, it followes not we should
Be mad out-right. *Liz.* I was ever of his minde.

Acr. Come lett's to Taverne.

Ha. I am for that coast, now I thinke upon't
I'll meete you at the new randevow within
This halfe-houre, I expect a gentleman
That has engaged my promise; i'll come t'ee
Ere you be halfe drunke. *Sel.* Doe not faile.

Ha. Drinke Sack and thinke not on't, what should be
The busines that old *Barnacle* has desired
My conference? 'tis not to lend me money sure,
Hee's here.

Enter Master Barnacle.

Bar. Master Hazard. *Ha.* I was comming to you, sir.

Bar. I am fortunate to prevent so great a trouble,
There is a busines, sir, wherein I must desire your favour.

Ha. Mine? command it, sir.

Bar. Nay i'll be thankfull too, I know you are
A gentleman.

Ha. That should incline, you thinke
I am not mercenarie.

Bar. I beseech you, sir,
Mistake me not, rewards are due to vertues,
And honor must be cherish'd.

The Gamester.

Ha. What's your purpose?
Pray cleere my understanding.

Ba. To be plaine, fir,
You have a name i'th Towne for a brave fellow.

Ha. How, fir, you doe not come to jeere me?

Ba. Patience, I meane you have the opinion
Of a valiant gentleman, one, that dares
Fight and maintaine your honor against odds,
The sword-men doe acknowledge you, the baylies
Observe their distance, all the swaggering puffes
Strike their top-sailes, I have heard 'em in the streets
Saie there goes daring *Hazard*, a man carelesse
Of wounds, and though he have not had the lucke
To kill so many as another, dares
Fight with all them that have. *Ha.* You have heard this.

Ba. And more, and more, mistake not.
I do not all this while acompt you in
The list of those are, cald the blades, that roare
In brothells, and breake windowes, fright the streets
At mid-night worse then Constables, and sometimes
Set upon innocent Bell-men, to beget
Discourse for a weekes dyet, that sweare, damnes,
To pay their debts, and march like walking armories,
With Poyniard, Pistoll, Rapier, and Batoone,
As they would murder all the Kings leige people,
And blow downe streets; no I repute you valiant
Indeede, and honor'd, and come now without
More ceremony, to desire your favour;
Which as you are a gentleman, I hope,
You'll not denie me.

Ha. Though your Language
Be something strange, yet, bcause I thinke you dare not
Intend me an abuse, I wonot question it,
Pray to the point, I do not thinke, your come
To have me be your second.

Ba. I am no fighter,
Though I have seene a fence-schoole in my Dayes,
And crackt a Cudgell, yet I come about
A fighting business.

Ha.

The Gamester.

Ha. You would have me beate some body for you.

Bar. Not so noble *Hazard*, yet

I come to entreat a valiant curtesie,

Which I am willing to requit in money,

I have brought gold to give you paiment, sir,

Tis a thing you may easily consent to,

And 'twill oblige me ever. *Ha.* Be particular.

Bar. Then thus you are not ignorant I have a Nephew, sir.

Ha. You have so.

Bar. One that's like

To be my heire, the onely of my name

That's left, and one that may in time be made

A prettie fellow. *Ha.* Very well, proceede.

Ba. You know or you imagine, that I have

A pretty estate too.

Ha. Y^e are held a maine rich man, sir,

In money able to weigh downe an Alderman.

Ba. I have more then I shall spend; now I come close,

I would have this Nephew of mine, conyerse with gentlemen,

Ha. And hee does so.

Ba. I'll not pinch him in's allowance,

The **U**niversity had almost spoild him. *Ha.* With what?

Ba. With modesty, a thing you know

Not here in fashion, but that's almost cur'd,

I would allow him to be drunke.

Ha. You may, sir.

Ba. Or any thing to speake him a fine gentleman,

Ha. With your favour, sir, let me be bold a litle

To interrupt you, were not you a Citizen?

Ba. Tis confest, sir.

Ha. It being a thriving way

A walke wherein you might direct your Nephew,

Why d'ee not breede him so?

Ba. I apprehend;

And thus I fatisfie you, we that had

Our breeding from a Trade, cits as you call us,

Though we hate gentlemen our selves, yet are

Ambitious, to make all our children gentlemen,

In three generations they retorne agen,

The Gamester.

We for our children purchase Land, they brave it
I'th Countrie, begets children, and they sell,
Grow poore, and send their sonnes up to be Prentises:
There is a whirle in fate, the Courtiers make
Us cuckolds; marke, we wriggle into their
Estates, poverty makes their children Citizens;
Our sonnes cuckold them, a circular justice,
The World turnes round, but once more to the purpose.

Ha. To your Nephew.

Ba. This Nephew of mine, I do love deerly;
He is all my care, I would be loth to loose him,
And to preserve him both in life, and honor
I come to you. *Ha.* Now you come to me indeede, sir.

Bar. What shall I give you, sir, to let him —

Ha. What? *Bar.* Pray be not angry.

Ha. By no meanes.

Bar. There is no such security i'th World,
I'll pay for't heartily.

Ha. For what? *Ba.* What shall I give you troth, and let him.

Ha. What? *Bar.* Beate you, sir?

Acr. How?

Ba. Nay do not, sir, mistake me, for although
I name it, caursely I desire it should be
With your consent, no otherwise; my Nephew
Is raw, and wants opinion, and the talke
Of such a thing, to beate a gentleman,
That all the Townes afraid of, would bee worth
In's credit, heaven knowes what, alas you cannot
Blame a kinde Uncle, to desire all meanes
To get his Nephew fame, and keepe him safe,
And this were such a way. *Ha.* To have me beaten.

Ba. Y'are i'th right, but doe not misconceive me,
Under your favour, my intention is not
He should much hurt you, if you please to let him
Quarrell, or so at Taverne, or where else
You shall thinke fit; and throw a pottle-pot—

Ha. At my head.

Ba. Yes, or say it be a quart, still under your correction,
Onely that some of your acquaintance and

Gentlemen

The Gamester.

Gentlemen may take notice, that he dares
Affront you, and come off with honor handsomelie,
Looke her's a hundred peeces, tell 'em i'th Ordinarie
Th'are weight upon my credit, play 'em not
Against light gold, this is the Prologue to
My thanks, beside my Nephew shall in private
Acknowledge himselfe beholding.

Ha. A hundred peeces! I want mony. *Bar.* Right.

Ha. You give me this to let your Nephew beate me.

Bar. Pray take me w'ce, I do not meane he should
By beating, hurt you dangerouslie, you may
Contrive the quarrell, so that he may draw
Some blood, or knocke you, o're the pate, and so forth,
And come of bravelie, this is all.

Ha. Well, sir,
You doe not meane, you say hee should endanger
My life or limbes; all you desire, if I
Mistake not, is to get your Nephew credit,
That being flesh'd, he may walke securelie, and be held
Valiant by gayning honor upon mee.

Bar. You understand me right.

Ha. I'll put it up,
Pray send your Nephew to me, weele agree.

Bar. Agree, sir? you must quarrell, and he must beate you,
else, tis no bargaine.

Ha. Not before
We have concluded how things shall bee carried.

Ba. I must desire your secrecie and ———

Ha. Heer's my hand. *Bar.* And ther's my monie.

Ha. Your Nephew shall be a blade.

Ba. Why ther's ten peeces more, cause you come off
So freely, i'll send him to you.

Ha. Do so, why this, if the Dice favour me may bring all
My Lands agen, be sure you send him, but
No words for your Nephews credit.

Ba. Mum — I thanke you heartilie.

Exit.

Ha. Be there such things i'th World, i'll first to the Taverne,
There I am staid for, gentlemen I come,
I'll be beate every day for such a summe.

Exit.

Act.

The Gamester.

Act. I I.

Enter Mistresse Wilding, and the Page.

Mi. Wher's your Master, boy?

Pag. I know not Mistresse.

Mi. Come neerer, sirra, you are of your Masters
Counsell sometimes, come, be true in what
I shall desire, and I shall finde a time, for your reward.

Pa. How d'ee meane Mistresse?

• We Pages meete rewards of severall natures,
This great man gives us Gold, that Ladie Gloves,
Tother silke Stockins, Roses, Garters: but
The Ladie, and Mistresse whom we serve in ordinarie,
Reserves another bountie, for our closenesse.

Mi. I see you can be a wag, but be just to me, and secret.

Pa. As your Physition, or your looking-glasse;
That in your absence cannot be corrupted
To betraie your complexion.

Mi. What private mistresses, does Master *Wilding* visit?

Pa. Who my Master?

Alas forsooth, d'ee thinke he lets me know?

Mi. Nay, nay, dissemble not.

Pa. I hire a Coach

Sometimes, or so, but ride alwaies i'th boote,
I looke at no bodie but the passengers,
I do not sit i'th same box at Playes with him,
I waite at Taverne, I confesse, and so forth,
And when he has sup'd, we must have time to eat too,
And what should I trouble my conscience,
With being too officious, till I am cald for?
Tis true, he waites upon the Ladies home,
But 'tis so darke, I know not where they dwell,
And the next day we have new ones, las meere strangers
To me; and I should be unmanlierlie
To Catechise 'em, if now, and then, there be
Any superfluous cast waiting-woman,
There be so many servingmen about her,

The Gamester.

I cannot come to aske a question,
And how should I know any thing?

Mi. I see you are old enough for vice?

Pa. Alas forsooth,

You know tis ill to doe a thing that's wicked,
But 'twere a double sinne to talke on't too,
If I were guiltie; beside forsooth, I know
You would neere trust me agen, if I should tell you.

Mi. Thou art deceav'd, it shall endear thee more.

Pa. I must beseech you

To be excus'd, my Master is my Master,
My feete are at your service, not my tongue,
I wo'd not forget my recognizance,
And shame the tribe, Pages, and Mid-wives are
Sworne to be close.

Mi. Hence thou old in vilanie,
But 'tis in vaine to chide, leave me, and bid
Mist'ris *Penelope* come hither. *Pa.* Yes forsooth.

Mi. I know not which way to beginne, to me
Hee has betraid he loves her, she is present.

Enter Penelope.

Pene. Will you be sad still *Cozen*, why d'ee grieve?
Be kinder to your selfe, trust me, I weepe
When I am alone, for you.

Mi. Sorrow and I
Are taking leave I hope, and these are onely
Some drops after the cloud has wept his violence:
Were one thing finish'd, I should nere be sad more,
And I cannot despaire to know it done,
Since the effect depends upon your love.

Pene. My love? tis justice you command my service,
I would I were so happie.

Mi. Make me so,
By your consent to my desire. *Pene.* Pray name it.

Mi. I onely aske your love, praie give it me.

Pene. My love? why doe you mocke my poore hart, which
Poures all it has upon you? y^e are posselt of that alreadie.

Mi. You examine not
The extent of my request, for when you have

The Gamester.

Given what I aske, your love, you must no more
Direct it, as you please, the power's in me
How to dispose it.

Pen. And you shall for ever,
I have no passion that shall not know obedience to you.

Mi. Your love by gift
Made mine, I give my husband you, love him.

Pene. I alwaies did.

Mi. But in a neerer way ;
Love him as I doe, with a resolution
To give your selfe to him, if he desire it.

Pene. I understand you not, or if you doe
Suspect I cherish any lawlesse flame—

Mi. Thou art to innocent ; be lesse, and doe
An act to endear us both, I know he loves thee ;
Meete it, deere coose, 'tis all I beg of thee ;
I know you thinke it a most strange request,
But it will make fortunate.

Pene. Greife I feare
Hath made her wild, d'ee know what you desire ?

Mi. Yes, that you love my husband : modestie
Will not allow me to discourse my wish
In everie circumstance, but thinke how desperate
My wound is, that would have so strange a cure,
Hee'le love me then, and trust me i'le not studie
Revenge, as other wives perhappes would doe,
But thank thee, and indeede an act like this,
So full of love, with so much losse and shame too,
For mine and his sake, will deserve all dutie.

Pene. I have no patience to heare more, and could
I let in a thought, you meant this earnest,
I should forget I knew you ; but you cannot
Be false from so much goodnesse, I confesse
I have no confidence in your husbands vertue.
He has attempted me ; but shall hope sooner
To leave a staine upon the sunne, then bribe
Mee to so foule a guilt ; I have no life
Without my innocence, and you cannot make
Your selfe more miserable, then to wish it from me :

Oh,

The Gamester.

Oh, do not loose the merit of your faith,
And truth to him, though he forget himselfe,
By thinking to releeve your selfe thus sinfullie,
But sure you doe but trie me all this while.

Mi. And I have found thee pure, be still preserved so,
But he will stragle further —

Pene. Cherish hope,
He rather will come backe; your teares, and prayers
Cannot be lost.

Mi. I charge thee by thy love,
Yet be rul'd by me; i'le not be so wicked
To tempt thee in a thought shall blemish thee:
But as thou would'st desire my peace, and his
Conversion, if his wantonnes last with him,
Appeare more tractable, allow him so much
Favour, in smile, or language, that he maie not
Thinke it impossible to prevaile at last.

Pene. This may ingage him further, and my selfe to a dishonor.

Mi. It shall worke our happinesse,
As I will manage things; 'tis but to seeme:
A looke will cost thee nothing, nor a syllable
To make his hopes more pleasing, on my life
Thou shalt be safe both in thy fame, and person,
Will you doe this for my sake?

Pene. I'le refuse no danger, if I suffer not in honor,
To doe you any service.

Mi. I have cast it
Already, in my braine, but doe not yet
Inquire my purpose, as his follie leades
Him to pursue you, let me know, and i'le
By faire degrees acquaint you with my plot,
Which built on no foule ends, is like to prosper,
And see how aptlie he presents himselfe,
Preethee seeme kinde, and leave the rest to me.
He shall not see me.

Exit.

Enter Master Wilding.

Wi. How now cooze? was that
My wife went off? *Pene.* Yes, sir.

Wi. Let her goe, what said shee to thee?

The Gamester.

Pene. Nothing.

Wi. Thou art troubled.

Pene. Pray to your knowledge, sir, wherein have I
Done injury to you, or her?

Wi. Has she abus'd thee?

I'll goe kicke her.

Pene. By no meanes, sir, I steale away your hart,
And meete at stolne embraces.

Wi. Does shee twit thee? i'll kicke her like a foot-ball,
Say but the word.

Pene. By no meanes thinke upon't, I have forgiven her,
You shanot sir, so much as frowne upon her.

Pray do not as you love me,
Wee may studie a more convenient revenge.

Wi. How's this?

I preethee if she have beene peremptorie,
Which was none of our articles, let me instruct thee,
How we shall be reveng'd.

Pene. Sir, I acknowledge
The groth and expectation of my fortune,
Is in your love, and though I woud not wrong her;
And yet to have my innocence accus'd,
Is able to pervert it, sir, your pardon,
I have beene passionate; pray love your wife,

Wi. No, no, i'll love thee, indeede, indeede I will,
Is shee jealous?

Pene. You know she has no cause.

Wi. Let us be wise; and give her cause, shall's coose,

Pene. Sir, if it be a trouble to your House,
Your breath shall soone discharge me, I had thought
The tie of blood might have gain'd some respect.

Wi. Discharge thee the house? i'll discharge her,
And all her generation, thee excepted,
And thou shalt do't thy selfe, by this, thou shalt;
Ha, she kisses with more freedome, this is better,
Then if my wife had pleaded for me, *Pene*,
Thou shalt be mistresse, woot? come thou shalt,
Shee's fit for drudgerie.

Pene. Oh, do not say so.

Wi. Then I wouot, but I love thee for thy spirit,
Cause thou woot be reveng'd, punish her jealozie

The

The Gamester.

The right way, when 'tis done, I doe not care
To tell her, it may kicke up her heeles too, another way.

Pene. Tell her what? you make me blush.

Wi. No, no, i'le tell no bodie, by this hand.

Stay I have a Diamond will become this finger,
Weare it, and let my wife stare out her eyes upon't.

Pene. I wonot take't on such conditions.

Wi. Take it on any; shee is come about.

Enter Page.

Pa. Sir Master Hazard desires your company at Taverne, he
fayes there are none but gentlemen of your acquaintance,
Master Acre-lesse, Master Little-stocke, and Master Sell-away, the
three Gamesters. *Wi.* He must excuse me.

Pene. As you love me, goe, sir.

Have no suspition that I wish your absence,
I'le weare your gift, and study to be thankfull.

Exit.

Wi. Well, ther's no great hurt in all this yet;
The Tides not strong against me, no talke now,
Of wives consent, i'le not remove my seige,
Shee'le studie to be thankfull, shee's mine owne,
As sure as I were in her maiden-head,

Now to the Taverne boy, and drinke to the purpose. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hazard, Acre-lesse Little-stocke, Sell-away, as
in a Taverne. Drawers.*

Ha. More wine, is not this better gentlemen,
Then spitting Constables? you woud have fought now,
And had your braine-pannes open'd

Acr. Right noble Hazard,
Heers to thee.

Ha. Let come boy, fill it me steeple-high,
I am in vaine of mirth, and I ha cause
As you shall see in due time gentlemen.

Master Little stocke thou art dreaming o'th Dice.

Sel. Hee's melancholic. *Lit.* Who I!

Ha. I'le play the farrier then, and drench thee for the fullens:
a health to all our Mistresses, we have had 'em single, letts
shuffle 'em now together.

Master Acre-lesse.

Enter Fidler.

The Gamester.

Fi. Wilt please you Gentlemen to have a Song.

Ha. You have not waitt to day, go get cleane manners;
Your raskall we have no wenches.

Fi. I see no bodie; sir, you have wash'd my eyes out.

Ha. It is not necessarie thou shouldst have any:
Fill mee agen.

Acr. This fellow woud ha t'other Cup.

Fi. I have had a Cup too much already gentlemen. *Exit.*

Ha. Let it goe round, and then in hope you may
Looke double, i'll shew you a sight, I wonder
Jacke wilding Stayes.

Enter Master Wilding, and Page.

Hee's come i'th nicke.

Wi. Save, save you gallants, may a man come i'th reere?

Ha. Give him his garnish.

Wi. Y'are not Prisoners for the reckning, I hope.

Ha. For the reckning? now y'are altogether gentlemen,
I'll shew you a wonder; but come not to neere,
Keepe out o'th Circle, whatsoever you thinke on't,
This is a hundred pound, nay, not so close,
These Picturs do shew best at distance, gentlemen,
You see it, presto—

Wi. Nay lett's see't agen.

Ha. Like to your cunning jugler, I ne're shew
My tricke but once, you may heare more hereafter,
What thinke you of this Master *Acre-lesse*, Master *Little-stocke*,
And Master *Sell-away*?

Acr. We do not beleeve 'tis gold,

Ha. Perish then

In your infidelitic. *Wi.* Let me but touch it.

Ha. It will indure, take my word for't, why looke you,
For your satisfactions, no Gloves off,
You have devices to defalke, preserve
Your talons, and your talents, till you meete
With more convenient Gamesters. *Lit.* How cam't it by it?

Wi. Tha'dst little or none this morning.

Ha. I have bought it gentlemen, and you in a mist
Shall see what I paid for it, thou hast not drunke yet:
Nere feare the reckning man, more wine, you varletts,

And

The Gamester.

And call your Mistris, your Scolopendia
If we like her complexion, we may dine here.

Wi. But harke thee, harke thee *Will*, didst winne it?

Ha. No, but I may loose it ere I go to bed.

Dost think it shall multie, what's a hundred pound?

Sel. A miracle, but they are ceast with me.

Acr. And me too, come lett's drinke.

Wi. No matter, how it came *Will*, I congratulate
Thy fortune, and will quit thee now

With good newes of my selfe, my coose I told thee on,

Is wheel'd about, she has tooke a Ring o' me,

We kist, and talk'd, time out a minde,

Ha. I know it,

My Almanacke sayes 'tis a good day to wooe in,

Confirm'd by *Erra Pater*, that honest Jew too,

I'le pledge thee.

Enter Drawer.

Dr. Master Hazard there are two gentlemen below,

Inquire for you. *Ha.* For me?

Da. One's somewhat ancient, I heard him call

The tother Nephew.

Ha. Say I come to 'em presentlie,

Gentlemen, I doe caution you before

To be faire condition: one of them, the Nephew

Is of a fierie constitution,

And sensible of any affront, let this

Character prepare him for you. *Wi.* Bring him not hither.

Ha. There is a necessitie in't, I woud not for

A hundred pound but entertaine him, now

He knowes I am here. *Exit.*

Enter Master Hazard againe, with Barnacle, his

Nephew, and Dwindle.

Wi. This is old Barnacle.

Acr. One that is to fine for Alderman.

Ltr. And that's his Nephew, I have beene in's company,

Sel. Is this the youth Hazard prepar'd us for?

How buffie they are?

Ha. You could not will better opportunitie,

These are all gentlemen of qualitie,

Ple

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The Gamester.

I'll call him cozen first, if it please you,
To endear him to their acquaintance.

Bar. I'll not be a witness of your passages my selfe; these
will report as much as I desire, sir, if you be beaten I am satisfied.

Ne. But d'ee heare *Uncle*, are sure you have made
Your bargain wiselie; they may cut my throat
When you are gone, and what are you the wiser,
Dwindle be you close to me.

Ha. I warrant you we shall do things with discretion,
If he have but grace, to looke and talke couragiously.

Bar. He may be valiant for ought I know,
Howsoever this will be a secure way
To have him thought so, if he beate you soundlie.

Ne. I doe not like the company;
But I have drunke wine too, and that's the best on't,
We maie quarrell on even termes, looke to
Thy basket-hilt *Dwindle*, and have a stoole readie;

Dw. I will give your worship a stoole.

Ha. As I am gentleman, be confident
I'll waite on you downe, sir.

Bar. By no meanes, let him beate you to purpose, sir.

Ne. Buy *Uncle*.

Ha. Come, sir, pray gentlemen, bid my kinsman welcome;
a sparke that will deserve your knowledge.

Wi. His kinsman? you are welcome.

Acr. He has power to command your welcome.

Lit. If I mistake not, I have had the happinesse
To ha bene in your companie afore now.

Ne. Mine, sir? d'ee heare, what if I quarrel'd
With him first? 'twill prepare me the better.

Ha. Do as you please; that's without my conditions.

Ne. I'll but give him now and then a touch, I'll be close
Well enough I warrant you, you beene in my
Companie, sir?

Lit. Yes, and at the Taverne. *Ne.* I paid the reckning then.

Lit. You came into our roome —

Ne. Tell me of comming into your roome,
I'll come againe, you are a superfluous gentleman,

Wil. How's this?

Ha.

The Gamester.

Ha. Let him alone.

Lit. Sir, remember your selfe.

Ne. I'll remember what I please, I'll forget what I remember: tell me of a reckning, what ist? I'll pay't, no man shall make an asse of me, Further then I list my selfe, I care not a fiddle-Sticke for any mans thundring, he that affronts Me, is the sonne of a Worme, and his father a Whoore, I care not a straw, nor a broken point For you, if any man dare drinke to me; ? Wonot goe behind the dore to pledge him.

Act. Why her's to you, sir,

Ne. Why there's to you, sir.

Twit mee with comming into a Roome, ? could finde in my heart, to throw a Pottle-pot, I name no bodie, I will kicke any man downe Stayres, that cannot behave himselfe like a gentleman, none but a slave would offer to paie a reckning before me, where's the Drawer? ther's a peece at all adventures; hee that is my friend, I care not a rush, if any man be myemie, he is an idle companion, and I honor him with all my heart.

Wi. This is a precious humor, is he us'd to these mistakes?

Lit. Your kinsman gives him priviledge.

Ne. I desire no mans priviledge, it skills not whether ? be kin to any man living.

Ha. Nay, nay, cozen, pray let me perswade you.

Ne. You perswade me? for what acquaintance, minde your busines and speake with your Tailor.

Ha. And you be thus rude—

Ne. Rude, sir, what then, sir, hold me *Dwindle*.

Dw. Are you readie to have a stoole, sir?

Wi. Nay, nay, *Will*, we beare with him for your sake, He is your kinsman.

Ha. I am calme agen,
Cozen, I am sorry any person here
Hath given you offence.

Ne. Perhapps, sir, you
Have given me offence, ? do not feare you,
I have knock'd as round a fellow in my dayes.

D

Ha.

The Gamester.

Ha. And may' againe —

Wi. Be knock'd, a pox upon him; I know not what to make on him.

Ha. Let me speake a word in private, *Gr.*

Ne. I can be as private as you, *Gr.*

Ha. Strike me a box o' th' care presentlie.

Ne. Ther's my hand on't. *Wi.* Nay, nay, gentlemen.

Scr. Master *Wilding.*

Ne. Let him call me to account, the recknings paid,
Come Dwindle. *Exit.*

Sel. I did not thinke the foole durst ha done this,
Tis a strange youth.

Ha. You shall heare more to morrow.

Dr. All's paid, and you are welcome gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Leonara, Violante.

Leo. Why should not we two live together, being
So equall in our passions? oh *Violante*;
Our knowledge grew from children, and our loves
Allie us in our natures.

Vio. Tis my wish
To dwell with thee, I never knew that woman
In whom I tooke more pleasure to converse with,

Leo. But I have a father, and remembering him
A sorrow steales upon me, to betraie
My hopes of blessing; for although hee love me,
And deere lie as he sayes, for Children must not
Dispute with fathers, he affects not him
In whom I place all thoughts that can delight me,
He loves not *Delamore*, and what to me
Is all the World without him? I shall never
I feare, have his consent to be made happie
In marriage, and this, although our thoughts
Reflect with equall honor on our lovers,
Makes the distinction, and concludes me miserable,
Thy will depends upon no riced parent,
Thy path is strew'd with Roses, while I clime
A ragged cliffe, to meete whom I affect.

Vio. Indeede, *Leonara* I much pitie thee.

Leo. I prethee counsell me how shall I wraastle
With my sad destinie, and yet preserve

The Gamester.

My filiall obedience, I must loose
A father, or a husband.

Vio. Would I knew
Which way to bid thee steere, but lesson'd by
My owne affection, I would have thy minde
Constant to him thou loust, time may correct
A fathers harshnes, and be confident
If poore *Violante* have a power to serve thee,
She will forget her owne heart, ere prove false to thee.

Leo. Oh my deare soule, I know't.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Oh mistresse.

Leo. What's the matter !

Vio. This face betraies some miserable accident.

Leo. Speake, and assure us, what disaister makes
Thy countenance so wilde.

Ser. A friend of yours —

Leo. Is sicke, is dead, what more ? and yet I have
So few, I can spare none.

Ser. Is dead, since you appeare so fortified.

Leo. Is my father living, and *Delamore* ?

Ser. Your father is in health, but —

Leo. Staie, as thou wouldst preserve thy mistresse in
The number of the living.

Vio. How my feares increase !

Leo. Except *Violante*, whom I see
Enioyes her health, I have no friend but *Delamore*,
I hope hee is not dead.

Ser. Your *Delamore* is dead.

Shee faints.

Vi. Friend, *Leonora*,
'Twas indiscreetlie done to open sorrow
So like a torrent, *Leonora*; friend.

Leo. Why dost thou call me from him ? sure I was
Going to meeete my *Delamore*.

Vi. Give not such
Beleeffe to these sad newes, untill you heare it
Confirm'd, dist see him dead? *Ser.* I did not see him.

Vi. Have comfort then, this may
Bee check'd againe.

The Gamester.

Leo. Would I could hope it.

Vio. Have more courage friend,
Didst heare the circumstance?

Ser. He was slaine they say:

Vio. Nay then beleve it not, he was so innocent,
He could provoke no angrie sword against him.

Ser. I wish your confidence were not deceav'd,
The last part of my storie will concerne
Your faith, and sorrow.

Vio. Mine? in her I share
Too much, but prethee since thou hast not beene
Slow to wound her, let me know my affliction.

Ser. The generall voice is, Master *Beaumont* slew him,
Your servant Ladie.

Vio. Tell the generall voice
It lyes, my *Beaumont* prove a murderer?
And of his friend? he would not kill an enemy.

Ser. All I can say in prooffe of this, I saw him
Guarded to Prison, pardon my relation.

Vio. If thou beleevest thy eyes abus'd thee not,
Thou might'st with one breath spoken 'em both dead,
For the survivor lives, but to give up
His life with more shame, all my comfort is,
I shall not live to see it, oh *Leonora*,
Who is most wretched now? let thou, and I,
The few dayes that we have to live, be friends,
And die in perfect charitie, I must leave you
To manage your owne griefe, I have enough
To breake my poore heart too.

Exit.

Leo. What Seas breake-in
Upon us? I that could have dyed within
A gentle wave, now struggle for my life,
My father?

Enter Sr. Richard Hurry.

Hu. What, it seemes you heard the newes,
Come let your sorrowes drie up, you may see
What 'tis to be so rash, when you chuse next,
You'll consult me, I hope; wipe, wipe your eyes,
Your teares are vaine, I could say more.

Leo.

The Gamester.

Leo. What sir?

Hu. They are more then he deserv'd, and yet tis better
Thou shouldst bestow thy teares upon his Funerall,
Then I sigh'd at thy marriage; come, Heaven has
Beene kinde in this divorce, preparing thus
Thy better fortune, and preserving mine,
I am sorrie for the gentleman that kild him.

Leo. Oh Murderer.

Hu. You are a foole, and know not
His provocation: in my youthfull dayes,
I was not patient when affronts were offred me,
Nothing more decre to gentlemen, then honor.

Leo. Honor in murder?

Hu. This was otherwise:

In my owne defence I would kill a family,
He shew'd his generous spirit, all the towne
Speakes noblie of him, pity him, and pray for him,
And were he not desertfull, by this time
The generall vote had hang'd him.

Leo. Oh, my fate!

Hu. Tother a loose, and inconsiderate man,
Lost in estate, and would ha married thee,
To ha squee'd mine, 'tis better as it is.

Leo. Good sir, be charitable to the dead.

Hu. Be you first charitable to the living.
Speake well, and thinke so too, you do not know
What benefit may follow, and how ere
Your womanish sorrow for the present may
So mist your eyes, they will hereafter open,
To see, and thanke my care.

Leo. Indee'de your language,
Pardon my boldnesse, sir, is darke and mysticall.

Hu. You have your wit to apprehend sometimes,
But 'tis not passion must excuse your dutie to me.

Leo. I hope.

Hu. Your hopes may faile you if you doe,
Be obedient hereafter, if you please,
And love my directions

Leo. I le not have

The Gamester.

A thought shall disobey you, and if ever
I love agen.

Hu. If ever? why suppose
I should propound one to you, now i'th heate
Of this misfortune, can your heart be obstinate
To me, and your owne good?

Leo. This is too soone
A conscience, sir, before his blood be cold,
To whom I profest love, to like another?
The World would much condemne me.

Hu. Is the World
Or I to be prefer'd, this makes the act
Of your obedience perfect, and because
I'le have assurance of what power I hold,
This minute i'le preferre one to your thoughts,
Dispose your heart to love the gentleman
That now's in Prison.

Leo. Whom d'ee meane deere sir?

Hu. He that kild *Delamore*, Master *Beaumont*:
Doe not suspect I trifle, he is of
A noble house, of a faire expectation,
Handsome in every part.

Leo. Shall not hee suffer
For the blacke deede alreadie done?

Hu. Compose
Your selfe to love him, i'le finde a waie how to
Secure his life, and bring him freelie off.

Leo. Oh! consider ere you move to farr,
If having slaine my comfort, for I must
Give it no other name, call not your justice
To my revenge, yet let me not be forc'd,
To have a thought so full of shame to women,
That he should be my husband, 'tis a staine
Time nor repentance can wash off, I know
You cannot meane so cruellie, beside
I shall commit a sinne, foule as his murther,
Upon poore *Violante*, and rob her:
Their heart's love hath seald up i'th eye of Heaven,
'Twere sacriledge to part em, shee's my friend too,

The Gamester.

One that will rather die then injure me.
And he will rather suffer, if he be
Noble as you professe him, then consent to
So foule a guilt.

Hu. Let me alone for that,
If he refuse this offer for his life,
Why let him die, i'le put him too't, consider,
In this I shall behold thy naked soule,
Be rul'd, and prosper; disobey, and be
Throwne from my care and blood, at better leasure
I'le tell you more. *Exit.*

Leo. Has Heaven no pity for me?
What killing language doth a father speake?
Poore hart prevent more greife, and quickly breake. *Exit.*

Act. III.

Enter Master Wilding, and Penelope.

Wi. This humour does become thee, I knew when
Thou didst consider, what was offerd thee;
Thy sullennes wood shake off, now thou look'st
Fresher then morning, in thy melancholic
Thy clothes became thee not.

Pene. Y'are i'th right,
I blam'd my Tailor for't, but I finde now,
The fault was in my countenance, wo'd we had
Some Musicke, I could dance now, la, la, la, bra, &c,

Wi. Excellent! and shee be a bed but halfe so nimble,
I shall have a fine time on't; how she glides?
Thou wot not faile? *Pen.* This night—

Wi. At the houre of twelue.

Pene. But you must be as punctuall ith conditions
For my vowes sake, not speake a syllable.

Wi. I'le rather cut my tongue out then offend thee,
Kissing is no language.

Pene. If it be not to loude;
We must not be seene together, to avoide

Suf-

The Gamester.

Suspition, I would not for a world my cozen
Should know on't.

Wi. Shee shall die 'in ignorance.

Pene. No peece of a Candle.

Wi. The Divell shall not see us
With his sawcer eyes ; and if he stumble in
The darke, there shanot be a stone ith Chamber,
To strike out fire with's hornes ; all things shall be
So close ; no lightning shall peepe in upon us,
Oh, how I long for mid-night !

Pene. I have a scruple.

Wi. Oh, by no meanes, no scruples now.

Pene. When you
Have your desires upon me, you will soone
Grow cold in your affection, and neglect me.

Wi. Why hang me if I doe, i'le love thee ever :
I have cast already, to preserve thy honor,
Thou shalt be married in a fortnight, cooze,
Let me alone to finde thee out a husband,
Handsome and fit enough, we will love then too.

Pene. When I am married ?

Wi. Without feare or wit

Cum privilegio, when thou hast a husband,
Dost thinke I will forsake thee *Pen* ? 'twere pity
A my life, sweete, oh there is no pleasure
To those embraces ; I shall love thee better,
And the assurance that thou hast two fathers
Before thou hast a child, will make thee spring
More active in my armes, and I tell thee,
Tis my ambition to make a Cuckold,
The onely pleasure o'th World: I woud not
Wish to injoy thee now, but in the hope
Of tother harvest, and to make thy husband
Hereafter cuckold, that imagination
Sweetnes the rest, and I do love it mainely, mainely.

Pene. Tis double sinne.

Wi. Tis treble pleasure wench ;
But we loose time, and may endanger thus
My wife into a jealozie, if shee see us,

Farewell.

The Gamester.

Farewell, farewell deare *Pen.* at night remember,
I wonot loose my sport for halfe the countrie.

Exit.

Enter Mistris Wilding.

Mi. Wi. Thou hast hit my instructions excellently.

Pene. I have made worke for some bodie, you have put me
Upon a desperate service, if you do not
Releeve me, I am finely served.

Mi. All has succeeded to my wish, thy place
I will supply to night, if he observe
All the conditions, I may deceive
My husband into kindnes; and we both
Live to reward thee better, oh, deere cooze!
Take heede by my example, upon whom
Thou placest thy affection.

Enter Hazard.

Pene. Master Hazard.

Ha Save mistresse Wilding.

Mi. Wi. You are welcome, sir.

Pene. He is a handsome gentleman.

Ha. Gone abroad?

Mi. I am not certaine, i'le inquire.

Ha. Your servant

Ha ! this is the frostie gentlewoman, in good time,
I care not if I cast away some words on her,
And yet shees so precise, and over honest,
I had as good nere attempt her, your name is
Penelope, I take it Lady.

Pene. If you take it,
I hope you'le give it me agen.

Ha. What agen? *Pene.* My name.

Ha. What should I doe wot?

No, no, keepe thy name,
How ere thou dost thy maiden-head.

Pene. Can you tell me
Of any honest man that I maie trust with it?

Ha. I'le tell thee a hundred.

Pene. Take heede what you saie, sir.
A hundred honest men, why if there were
So many i'th City, 'twere enough to forfeit

E

There

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The Gamester.

Their Charter ; but perhaps you live in the Suburbs.

Ha. This wench will jeere me.

Pene. I hope you are not one, sir.

Ha. One of what ?

Pene. One of those honest men you talk'd of so,
One to whose trust, a Virgin might commit
A maiden-head, as you call it.

Ha. Yes, you may trust me,
I have posselt a hundred maiden-heads.

Pene. How long ?

Ha. Nay, nay; they are no commodities to keepe,
Noe fault of ours: truth is, th'are not worth
Preserving, some of your owne Sex acknowledge it,
And yet by your complexion, you have yours still,
Away with't, and in time.

Pene. Why you are modest.

Ha. Y ave hit me Lady: come, i'le give thee counsell;
And more, i'le helpe thee to a chap-man too,
Besides what ere he paies for't, shall be at charge
To mold it of himselfe; how light thou 'lt be
Without thy maiden-head, dost not spoile thy sleepe,
And breede the night-mare ?

Pene. Who can helpe it, you
Gentlemen are such strange creatures, so unnaturall,
So infinitilie chaste, so mortified
With Beefe and Barly-water, such strange discipline,
And Haire-cloth.

Ha. Who weares Haire-cloth ? gentlewoman ?

Pene. Such severe waies to tame your flesh, such friends
To fry-dayes, Lent, and Ember-weekes ; such enemies
To Sacke, and marrow-Pies, Caudles, and Crabs,
Fidlers, and other warme restoratives,
A handsome woman can not reach your pity,
We may e'en grow to our Pillowes, ere you'le comfort us;
this was not wont.

Ha. Not wont to be, in my
Remembrance Ladie.

Pene. You are a handsome gentleman.
Why may not you drinke Winc sometimes, or eate

Sturgion,

The Gamester.

Sturghion, or forrage in your lustie-pic
Of Aartichoke, or Potato; or why may not
Your learned Physition Dictate amber-Greece,
Or Powders, and you obey him, in your Brothes?
Have you so strange antipathy to women?
To what end will gentlemen
Come to, if this frost hold?

Ha. You are wittie;

But I suppose you have no cause of such
Complaint, how ever some men do want heat,
Their is no generall winter; I know a gentleman
Can drinke, and eate, and beare you companie
A bed, for all your jeering: do not thinke
Tis I: thou shalt recant this prophane talke
And wooe me for a kisse, ere i'le stoope to thee.
Heres none but friends, if Master *wilding* ha not
Told you alreadie, I will justifie
Tis possible, you may be got with Child.

Pene. By whom?

Ha. By him, you are but cozens a farre off,
If you allow't, he neede not travell farre
For other dispensation, what say to him?

Pene. Was this at his entreatie?

Ha. My owne meere motion
And good will toward him, cause I know his minde.

Pene. You are a fine gentleman, wher's your land?
You may be Knight o'th Shire in time: farrewell, sir.

Ha. I know not what to make on her, she may be
A tumbler, for all this, i'le to her agen.

Exit.
Exit.

Enter old Barnacle, and Leonora.

Ba. Nay, nay, be comforted, and mistake me not,
I did not mention *Delamore* to provoke
These teares: hee's gone, thinke on your living friends.

Leo. If you be one, good sir—

Ba. Yes, I am one:

And yet mistake me not, I doe not come
Awooing for my selfe, I am past Tilting,
But for my *Nephew*, oh that *Nephew* of mine!
I know *Sr. Richard Harry*, your wise father,

The Gamester.

Will thinke well of him,
Nay, nay, weeping still.

Leo. It is too soone to thinke of any other.

Bar. To soone to thinke of any other, why,
What woman of discretion, but is furnish'd
With a second husband ere the first be coffend?
He that stayes till the Funerall be past,
Is held a modest coxcombe, and why should not
Maides be as early in their provision?

Leo. I blush to thinke, my father of his mind,
Distressed *Leonora* good. sir loose
No more breath, I am resolved to die a Virgin
I know not what love is.
And yet these teares
Are shed for one you lov'd.

Leo. He that was all
My treasure living, beeing lost must needs
Be a great part of sorrow: but my eyes
Though they can never paie to many drops
To the sad memory of *Delamore*,
Shed not all these for him, there is another
That makes me weepe.

Bar. Another whom you love?

Leo. Heaven knowes I never let into my heart,
Affection to a second, I am so farre
From loving him, I wish we may nere meete,
I am not safe in my owne bosome, while
I thinke upon him, it begets new springs
Within my eyes; which will in litle time,
Rise to a flood, and drowne me.

Bar. I conceive
This is no friend of yours, come i'll releeve you,
Nay, and there be any man that troubles you,
If there be any you'd have talk'd withall,
I'll rid you of that care, he that shall offer
But to distube you in a thought, d'ee marke me?
I'll take an order with him.

Leo. What will you doe?

Bar. Do not mistake me neither, i'll do nothing,

But

The Gamesler.

But send my *Nephew*, he shall top him,
And top him, and scourge him like a top too.
You know not how my *Nephew* is improv'd
Since you last saw him, valiant as *Hercules*,
He has knock'd the flower of Chivalry, the verie
Donzal del Phebo of the time, and all
The blades do reverence him; i'le say no more,
Name but the man whom you do frowne upon,
And let me send my *Nephew* to him.

Leo. Shanot neede.

I have no enimie to engage his sword,
My discontents flow from a neerer person,
I grieve to say my father.

Bar. How? your father
Say but the word and I will send my *Nephew*
To him, and he were ten fathers he can mollifie him,
To please you Lady, my *Nephew* never spare him,
Oh, had you seene him baffle a squire this morning?

Leo. Pray no more, you shall do me a noble office
To leave me to my selfe.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mistresse *Violante*
Is come to visit you.

Leo. I waite upon her,
Your gentle pardon.

Exit.

Ba. Would my *Nephew* had her.
Shee is *S. Richards* heire, and here he is.
S. Richard?

Enter S. Richard Hurry, and Surgeon.

Hu. Oh Master *Barnacle*, i'le waite upon you.

Bar. That's Master *Probe* the Surgeon.

Hu. No more you know my meaning.

Pr. Yes, sir. *Hu.* Let him be buried.

Pr. I understand you, sir.

Exit.

Bar. I have beene discoursing
With your faire daughter.

Hu. Where is *Leonora*?

Ser. Shee's within, sir.

Hu. Bid her come hither,

The Gamester.

Master *Barnacle* I am something troubled about a gentleman.

Bar. And I am glad I met with you:
If you be troubled with any gentleman,
I'll send my *Nephew* to him.

Hu. To whom, or whither?

Bar. To any man alive, I care not whether.

Hu. Send him to *Jerusalem*.

Bar. That's something o'th furthest, I shall be.
Unwilling he should travell out o'th Kingdome.

Enter Leonora, Violante aloofe.

Hu. *Leonora*? Neerer——

Bar. Who is that?

A prettie gentlewoman! save you mistress,
What is your name I pray?

Vio. I am call'd *Violante*.

Bar. Are you a maide?

Vio. I should be forrie else.

Bar. D'ee know my *Nephew*?

Vio. Not I, sir.

Bar. Not my *Nephew*? how have you beene bred?
Why hee's the onley gallant o'th Towne,
Please you i'll send him to you.

Vio. What to doe, sir.

Bar. He shall do any thing, the townes afraid on him.

Vio. Oh! praie keepe him from me then.

Bar. Hee'll hurt no women, but for the men——

Vio. Ther's one has hurt to much already.

Bar. What is he? i'll send my *Nephew* to him Lady,
If you have any occasion, never spare him.

Vio. Not I, sir.

Hu. Looke to't, and correct this humor.
I'll to him presentlie, Master *Barnacle*,
Let me intreat your companie to a gentleman,
I'll waite as much on you.

Bar. You shall command mee:
It's be to any man you care not for,
Wee'll take my *Nephew* along.

Exeunt.

Hu. It sha not neede,

Leo. Oh *Violante*! I

The Gamester.

Must now require some fruite of all thy promises.

Vio. You hold me not suspected.

Leo. Leonora

Cannot be so ingratefull: but we have
Small limit for discourse, my father meanes
To visit *Beaumont*, now in Prison, thou
Wilt heare too soone the storie, and without
Prevention finde thy selfe more miserable.

Oh *Violante*: I will suffer with him
Rather then injure thee, I prethee go
Visit thy friend, not mine, and as thou lou'st mee,
As thou lou'st him, or thy owne life, *Violante*,
Bid him be constant to thee, tell him what fame
Dwells upon noble lovers, that have seal'd
Faith to their Mistresses in blood: what glorie
Can perjur'd men expect, that loose their honor
To save a poore breath? bid him be assur'd,
If for the hope of life, his soule can be
So much corrupted to embrace a thought
That I shall ever love him —

Vio. You *Leonora*?

Leo. Never, oh, never; tell him so: by vertue,
And the cold blood of my slaine *Delamore*,
Although my father threaten death.

Vio. Your father?

Leo. Make hast sweete *Violante*, to the Prison;
There thou shalt know all, there thou shalt have prooffe
How much thou art belov'd, and by my death,
If he prove false to thee, how much I love thee.

Exit.

Vio. I am amaz'd, and my soule much distracted
Twixt grieve, and wonder, it growes late i'th morning,
I le visit the sad Prisoner, my hart trembles,
More can but kill me too, I'm, fit to die,
And woes but hasten immortality.

Exit.

Enter Hazard, and a Box-keeper.

Ha. How now? what *Gamesters*?

Bo. Little to any purpose yet, but we
Expect deepe play to night.

Enter Wilding.

Wi.

The Gamester.

Wi. *Will Hazard*, I have beene seeking thee this
Two howers, and now I have found thee, avoide me.

Ha. Thar't not infectious.

Wi. No, but I swell with my imaginations
Like a tall Ship, bound for the fortunate Ilands;
Top, and Top-gallant, my flags, and my figaries
Upon me with a lustie gale of winde
Able to rend my sailes, I shall o'errunne,
And sinke thy little Barke of understanding
In my careere boy.

Ha. Pray heaven rather
You do not spring a leake, and forfit your
Ballast, my confident man of Warre, I
Have knowne as stout a Ship beene cast away
In sight o'th Harbour.

Wi. The wench, the wench boy.

Ha. The Vessell you have beene chasing.

Wi. Has strooke Saile,
Is come in, and cries aboard my new Lord of
The Mediterranean, we are agree'd,
This is the pretious night *Will*; twelve the hower,
That I must take possession of all,
Of all; there are some Articles agreed on.

Enter a Lord, and Sell-away.

Whoe's this?

Ha. Oh! the *Gamesters* now come in:
That gaine man is a Lord, and with him *Sell-away*.

Wi. They are well coupled, a Lord and *Sell-away*.

Ha. He weares good clothes you see, and in the street
More look'd at then the Pageants, he will talke litle.

Wi. To purpose.

Ha. Right, he cannot walke
Out of his sincopace, and no man carries
Legs more in tune, he is danc'd now from his sempstresse.

Wi. A man much bound to his Tailor.

Ha. And his Barber.

He has a notable head. *Wi.* Of haire thou meanst.

Ha. Which is sometime hung in more Bride-laces
Then well would furnish out two Country weddings

Wi.

The Gamester.

Wi. Is he a Scholler ?

Ha. Tis not necessary.

He is neither Scholler, nor a Courtier,
If report wrong him not.

Wi. Will. He playes mony freely.

Ha. With more pride then he weares embrodery.
Tis his ambition to loose that : and
A wench mainetaines his swearing, let him passe.

VVi. What's next.

Enter a Knight, and Acre-lesse.

Ha. A Knight, and Acre-lesse.

VVi. Good agen, a Knight and Acre-lesse, what's his condition.

VVi. A Gamester both waies.

VVi. Where be his Spurres ?

Ha. Hang in his mistresses Peticote, for which hee pawnd
His Knight-hood too, till a good hand redeeme it,
He will talke you nothing but postilions
Embroideries for his Coach, and Flanders Mares :
What severall sutes for the twelue dayes at *Christmass*
How many Ladies dote upon his physnomy :
That hee is limited but a hundred pound
A month for diet, which will scarce maintaine him
In Pheasant egges an Turky for his motion.
Now does his Barge attend him, if he came
By water, but if the Dice chance to runne counter,
He staves till twelue in anger, devours smoke,
And desperately will shoot the Bridge at midnight
Without a waterman.

VVi. The house fills a pace

What are these ha ?

Enter a Countrie gentleman, and Little-stocke.

Ha. A Countrie gentleman, and Little-stocke.

VVi. A Countrie gentleman ? I have seene him sure
Appeare in other shape, is he a Christian ?

Ha. Why ? dost thou doubt him ?

Wi. Cause I have met him with a Turbant once,
If I mistake not, but his linnen was not
So handsome altogether as the *Turkes*

The Gamester.

In *quirpo* with a Crab-tree cudgell too,
Walking and canting broken *Dutch* for farthings.

Ha. The apparition of an Angell once
Brought him to this.

Wi. Dost call him countrie gentleman?

Ha. His generation is not knowne i'th Towne,
You see what Dice can do, now hee's admir'd.

Wi. For what I prethee?

Ha. For talking non-sense, when he has lost his mony
You shall meete him going up and downe the ordinary
To borrow monie upon his head.

Wi. His head,

Will he goe upon his head, or will he pawne it?

Ha. Pawne it, if any man will lend him mony on't,
And sayes 'tis good securitie, because
He cannot be long without it, they shall have
The wit for the use too, he will talke desperatelie,
And sweare he is the father of all the Bulls
Since *Adam*, if all faile he has a project
To print his jests.

Wi. His Bulls you meane,

Ha. Y'are right,
And dedicate 'em to the *Gamesters*, yet he will
Seeme wise sometimes, deliver his opinions
As on the Bench: in beere he utters sentences,
And after Sacke Philosophy.

Wi. Let's not be troubl'd with him, who are these?
Yong *Barnacle*?

Enter Nephew, and Dwindle.

Will you indure him.

Ha. Yes, and the Vineger-bottle his man too: but now I thinke
on't he shall excuse me, i'le loose no time; if I winne, I shall
have lesse cause to repent, if I loose, by these hilts i'le make
him the cause and beate him.

Enter Sell-away.

Are they at play?

Sel. Deepe, deepe *Gamesters*.

Ha. Then luke with a hundred peeces.

Wi. I'le follow, how now *Franke*? what in the name of folly
is

The Gamester.

is hee reading?

Ne. Save you gentlemen, save you noble gallants :
May a man loose any monie? I honor, sir, your shadow.

Sel. This is another humor.

Ne. Dee here the newes gentlemen?

Wi. What newes I pray?

Ne. The new Curranto.

Sel. Good, sir, impart.

Ne. Be there no more gentlemen to heare it
Here? 'tis extraordinarie fine newes, in blacke and white,
From *Terra incognita*.

Wi. *Terra incognita*?

Ne. I, sir, the quintessence of the World: for our foure parts
Europe, Asia, Affricke, and America, are as the foure
Elements, and this, as the learned Geographers say, is
Like *Calum*, a fift essence or quintessence of the World.

Wi. Pray, Sir, what newes from this quintessence, it must
Needs be refin'd novelties.

Ne. From *Slavonia*.

Wi. That's no part of *Terra incognita*, we know that.

Ne. But you doe not know that *Slavonia* I meane, 'tis
Inhabited by a Nation without a head.

Dwi. Without a head in? what part are their eyes?

Ne. Peace *Dwindle*: a cursed kinde of people that have
Neither Law, nor Religion but for their owne purposes :
Their Country is somewhat low, and open to the Sea.

Sel. Do they not feare drowning?

Ne. They are safest in a tempest, if they be taken at any time
by their enemies, and cast over-bord, they turne other creatures,
some Rocks, some Sharkes, some Crocadiles, and so retaine part
of their former nature.

Wi. What do those that dwell ashore?

Ne. They follow their worke, and make nets not only to catch
Fish, but Townes and Provinces: the *Jewes*
Are innocent to 'em, and the Divella dunce, of whose
Trade they are.

Sel. A dangerous generation.

Ne. In *Perwiggana* a fruitfull Country, the moone shines
All day, and the Sunne at night.

The Gamester.

Sel. That's strange,
hee has a morall in't have not wee gentlemen that sit up all
night a drinking, and go to bed when the sunne rises ?

Ne. In this Province the King never comes out of his Palace.

VVi. How does the Court remove there?

Ne. When he does purpose to change the aire, hee has an
Elephant richly trapped, that carries the Court upon his backe
into what part of the Kingdome he please.

VVi. I have heard of Elephants, that have carried Castles.

Ne. Snailles, Snailles in comparison: and to increase your won-
der lthis beast does never drinke.

VVi. I would be loth to keepe him companie.

Sel. How then ?

Ne. Eate, eate altogether, and what nothing but men, and
of what ranke or condition, none but great men, and the fat-
test nobillitie, but like your good *Mounsieur* hee cares for no-
thing but the head, and it is confidently reported hee has
devoured more heads, within this thrse last yeeres, then the
Elephant wee had in *England*; eate *Pennie Loves* in sea-
ven.

Dwi. The Divell choke him would hee had *London Bridge*
in his bellie too.

Ne. The subjects of the great Duke of *Lubber-land* ha's beene
lately in rebellion.

Wi. I am sorry it will be inconvenient to heare out your Cur-
ranto, I am weary of a little monie when that's lost I may
bee a sutor for the rest of your newtes, and so I commend mee
to all your friends in *Lubber-Land*. *Exit.*

Ne. *Dwindle*, didst heare this, now could I be angry.

Dwi. Goe to play then, sir, if you loose your monie, you may
talke roundly to 'em for they cannot bee so uncivill as not to
give loosers leave to speake.

Ne. But if I winne.

Dwi. Why then you may be drunke to night and i'le—the
Caster to you.

Enter Little-stocke, & Acre-lesse.

Lit. A curse upon these reeling Dice, that last in, and in

Was

The Gamester.

Was out of my way ten peeces ; canst lend me any Monie, how have the cards dealt with thee.

Acr. Lost, lost — I defie thee, if my Knight recover not I must be sober to morrow.

Lit. Oh, for a hundred and all made now.

Enter Sell-away.

Sel. Yonders ——— winnes tirannically, without Mercie, he came in but with a hundred peeces.

Lit. I'll get a fancy presently.

Acr. And how thrive the bones with his Lordship

Sel. His Lordships bones are not well set they are maliciously bent against him they will runne him quite out of all.

Enter Nephew, and Dwindle.

Ne. More mony *Dwindle* call my Uncle: I must have it, for my honor, two hundred peeces more *Will* serve my turne ; in the meane time I will play away my Cloke and some superfluous things about me.

Dwi. By that time you are come to your shirt, I shall bee here.

Sel. Hee's blowne up too.

Exit.

Enter Hazard.

Ha. So, so, the Dice in two or three such nights will be out of my debt, and I may live to be a land-lord agen.

Sel. You are fortunes minion Master.

Ha. You woud seeme to be no foole, because she dotes not Upon you gentlemen, I must take my chance ; 'twas A lucky hundred pown'd *Jacke Wilding.*

Enter Wilding gnawing a Boxe.

What eating the Boxes.

Acr. Let us in agen.

Wi. Chewing thy cud a litle, I have lost all my monie *Will* Thou hast made a fortunate night on't, wot Play no more.

Ha. Tis the first time I had the grace to give off a winner I wonot tempt the Dice.

Wi. What hast wonne ?

Ha. You doe not heare mee complaine I have not been so warme

The Gamester.

This tenn weekes.

Enter Acre-lesse.

Wi. Tis frost in my breeches.

Acr. Master Hazard, I was afraid you had beene gone, there's a fresh *Gamester* come in with his pockets full of Gold; he dazeles the *Gamesters*, and no man has flocke to play with him.

Wi. What is he?

Acr. A Merchant he seemes; he may be worth your retire.

Ha. Not for the Exchange to night, I am resolv'd.

Wi. Temptation! now have I an infinite itch to this Merchants peeces.

Ha. If thou wot have any monie,
Speake before I launch out, and command it.

Wi. A hundred peeces.

Ha. Call to the Master o'th house by this token — thou wot venture agen then?

Wi. They may prove as luckie as thine — but what do I forget? the wench, the fairy at home, that expects me.

Ha. I had forgot too, you wonot play now.

Wi. Tis now upon the time.

Ha. By any meanes goe.

Wi. Hum, I ha lost my monie, and may recover a prety wench. which hand? here covetousnes, this letchery; monie is the heavier. *Will*, dost heare? i'le requite thy curtesie. Thou hast lent me a hundred pownd, i'le pay thee agen, and thou shalt have for the use, the flesh device at home that expects, thou shalt supply my place *Will*.

Ha. You wonot loose this opportunitie, and foole your selfe.

Exit. Acre.

Wi. I am resolv'd; five hundred peeces say i'le come to him, you love the sport as well as I: to morrow you shall thanke me for't; be secret, shee'le never know thee, for our conditions are to — Neither light nor — and she must needs conceive tis I.

Ha. Are you in earnest?

Wi. Have you wit to apprehend the curtesie?
Let me alone: the wench, and I shall meete
Hereafter and be merry, here's my Key

The

The Gamester.

The Merchants monie cooles away : be wise
And keepe conditions touse her at thy pleasure,
There will be enough for me : nay no demurres,
You have not lost your stomacke to this game
How ere I speed to night, wee'le laugh to morrow
How the poore wench was cofen'd.

Ha. But wouldst ha mee goe?

Wi. I woud ha thee ride boy, I must to the *Gamester*
Farewell, remember not to speake a word, but
Kisse and embrace thy belly full.

Ha. If I do not,
The punishment of an Eunuch light upon me.

Act. I I I.

Enter Hazard and Wilding.

Wi. How now *Will*, thou lookst desperately this morning.
Didst sleepe well to night?

Ha. Yes, 'tis very like

I went to sleepe; but such a bed-fellow!

Wi. What ailes she; was she dull?

Ha. Do not enquire

But curse your selfe till noone, I am charitable
I do not bid thee hange thy selfe, and yet
I have cause to thanke thee, I would not have lost
The turne, for all the monie I wonne last night *Jacke*,
Such a delicious thieft.

Wi. I thinke so.

Ha. I found it so and dare make my *affidavit*.

Wi. Thou didst not see her?

Ha. Nor speake to her, to what purpose.
Shee was so handsome i'th darke, you know
My meaning, had beene pittie any light
Or voyce should interrupt us.

Wi. Now doe I
Grow melancholy.

Ha. If thou do'st envie mee
There is some reason for't, thou do'st imagine

The Gamester.

I have had pleasure in my dayes , but never,
Never, so sweete a skirmish, how like joy
Shee grew to my embraces, not a kisse
But had *Elisium* in't.

Wi. I was a rascall.

Ha. If thou didst know but halfe so much as I
Or couldst imagine it, thou wouldst acknowledge
Thy selfe worse then a rascall on Record.

I have not words to expresse, how soft, how bountious
How everie thing a man with full desires
Could wish a Lady, do not question mee
Further; tis too much happines to rem ember
I am sorry I have said so much.

Wi. Was not I curst

To loose my monie, and such delicate sport?

Ha. But that I love thee well shud'st nere enjoy her.

Wi. Why?

Ha. I would almost cut thy throat.

Wi. You woud not.

Ha. But take her, and if thou part'st with her, one night
more for lesse then both the *Indies* thou't loose by her, shee
has paid me for my service, I aske nothing else.

Wi. If she be such aprecious arme full *Will*
I thinke you may be satisfied.

Ha. Take heede,

And understand thy selfe a little better :

I thinke you may be satisfied with what ?

A handsome wench 'tis heresie recant it.

I never shall be satisfied.

Wi. You do not purpose.

Purpose a new incounter.

Ha. For thy sake

Tis possible I may not, I would have

My game kept for me ; what I have done

Was upon your entreatie, if you have

The like occasion hereafter I

Should have a hard heart to deny thee *Jacke.*

Wi. Thou hast fir'd my blood, that I could call backe time,
And be posselt of what my indiscretion

Give

The Gamester.

Gave up to thy enjoying, but I am comforted,
She thinks 'twas I, and we hereafter may
Be free in our delights: now, sir, the newes
With you? *Enter Page.*

Pa. My mistresse did command my diligence
To find you out and pray you come to speake with her.

Wi. When I am at leisure.

Pa. 'Tis of consequence,
Shee sayes, and much concernes you.

Wi. Is *Penelope*
With her?

Pa. Not when she sent mee forth.

Wi. Let her expect: waite you on me.

Ha. I spie my blustering *Gamester.*

Wi. The yonger ferret.

Ha. I care not if I allow thee a fit of mirth,
But your boy must be in comfort.

Enter Nephew and Dwindle.

Dwi. Pray, sir, do not behave your selfe so furiously,
Your breath is able to blow downe a house, sir.

Ne. My Uncle shall build 'em up againe, oh *Dwindle*,
Thou dost not know what honor 'tis to bee
So boisterous, I would take the wall now
Of my Lord Maiors *Gyants*.

Wi. Doe as I bid you, sirra.

Pa. Alas, sir, hee'll devoure me.

Ha. He shanot hurt thee.

Pa. Be at my backe then pray, sir, now I thinke on't
I have the beard here too with which I frightened
Our maides last night.

Dwi. You know these gentlemen.

Ne. Hazard, and *Willing* how i't? how i't *Bulchins*?
Wo'd ye had beene with us; I ha' so mald a *Captaine*
O'th traine band yonder.

Pa. Is not your name *Barnacle*?

Ha. Ancient *Petavre*.

Ne. Whats this?

Wi. The admiration of the Towne.

The Gamester

Ne. For what?

Wi. For valour.

Ne. This inch and a halfe?

Wi. Ther's the wonder, on the spirit, the tall spirit
Within him he has the soule of a Giant.

Ne. He has but a dwarfs body, ancient *Petarre*.

Pa. Sirra, how dare you name a Captain?

Thou tunne of ignorance, he shall eate my Pistol,
And save me the discharge.

Ne. Tell me of a tun? i'll drinke twenty tunnes to thy
Health, who shall hinder me if I have a

Minde too't, your Pistol's a Pepper-corne, I will eate

Up an armory, if my stomacke serve, so long as I

Have mony to pay for't, and you were as little agen

As you are: fright me with your potguns, my name's

Barnacle, sir, call me what you please, and my

Mans name's *Dwindle*, and you goe there to, do not

Thinke but I have scene fire-Dakes afore now though

I never talk'd on't, and Rackets too, though my man

Be a Coxcombe here, and balls of wild-fire, no dispraise

To you; d'ee thinke to thunder me with your Pick-

Tooth by your side?

Pa. Let my sword shew him but one flash of lightning

To singe the haire of his head off.

Ha. Good ancient *Petarre*.

Dwi. Tis a very divell in *decimo sexto*, *Peter* d'ee call him?

Pa. Thou dogbolt and cozen germane to *Cerberus*.

Ha. Two heads once remov'd, hee's somewhat like him.

Ne. I begin to thinke.

Dwi. And I begin to

Pa. Agen.

Wi. He does but thinke.

Pa. He thinke? is this a place for him to thinke in?

Minotaure, vanish immediately, or I will shoot death

From my Mustachios and kill thee like a *Porcupine*.

Ne. Ancient *Petarre*, I know thy name, and I

Honor it, thar't one of the most vaine glorious

Peeeces of fire-worke that ever water wet. I am a

Gentleman, and if I have say'd any thing to disgust

Thee

The Gamester.

Thee, I can aske thee forgiveness, as well as the
Proudest vassell on 'em all, extend thy paw, thou
Invincible Epitome of *Hercules*, and let thy servant
Kisse it.

Wi. Come pray, sir, be reconcil'd ; he submits.

Pa. I see thou hast something in thee of a Soldier, to no Pur-
pose, and I will cherish it. Thou art a raskall in thy under-
standing, thou that excuse me, *Turke*, in honorable love : I re-
member thy great grand-Father was hang'd for robbing a Ped-
ler-woman of sixe yards of inckle, and thou mayst, (mawger
the Herald) in a right line, challenge the gallowes by his
copie ; mongrell of mongrell Hall, I am thy humble servant,
and will cut the throate of any man that sayes thou hast ey-
ther wit or honesty more then is fit for a gentleman. Command
my sword, my lungs, my life, thou art a puffle, a mulgrube, a
Metaphysicall Coxcombe , and I honour you with all my
hart.

Ne. I thanke you noble ancient, and kinde gentlemen.
Come *Dimindle* , wee'le go rore somewhere else.

Wi. Was ever such an offer?

Exit.

Ha. The boy did hit his humour excellently.
Here, cherish thy wit.

Pa. Now shall I tell my mistresse you'le come to her ?

Vvi. How officious you are for your mistresse, sirra?
What said since I came not home all night ?

Pa. Nothing to me ; but my eyes ne're beheld
Her looke more pleasantly.

Ha. Now farewell *Jacke*, I needs not urge your secrecie
Touching your mistres, I have mounted for you :
Only i'le caution you, looke when you meete
That you performe your busines handsomely.
I ha begun so well thee may suspect else,
And put thee out of service, if thee doe,
You know your wages. I shall laugh at thee,
And hartlie ; so farewell, farewell *Jacke*.

Exit.

Vvi. To say the truth I have shewed my selfe a coxcombe.
A pox a play that made me double looser.
For ought I know, she may admit me never
To such a turneagen, and then I ha punished

The Gamester.

My selfe ingeniously.

*Enter Mistris Wilding, Penelope, and Mistris Leonora,
a Servant waiting upon them.*

My wife.

Pag. My Mistresse, sir.

Wi. Keepe you at distance, *Penelope* and *Leonora*,
Shee's as the boy reported something more
Pleasant then ordinarie.

Mi. Tis hee good cozen,
Pretend some busines, offer at some wares,
Or aske the Gold-smith what your Diamond's worth,
Something to trifie time away, while I
Speake with my husband a few words.

Wi. Shee comes toward me.

Mi. I can containe no longer,
How d'ee sweete-hart?

Wi. Well, but a little melancholy.
You looke more sprightly wife, something has pleas'd you.

Mi. It has indeede, and if it be no staine
To modestie, I would enquire how you
Sped the last night.

Wi. I lost my money.

Mi. I doe not meane that game.

Wi. I am not betrai'd I hope; do not meane that game?

Mi. Y'are a fine gentleman.

Wi. Tis so, could she not keepe her owne counsell?

Mi. And have behav'd your selfe most wittilie,
And I may say most wrongfully: this will
Bee much for your honor, when 'tis knowne.

Wi. What will be knowne?

Mi. Do you not blush? oh fie.
Is there no modestie in man?

Wi. What riddle
Have you got now? I wonot yet seeme conscious.

Mi. Tis time then to be plaine, it was a wonder
I could be so long silent, did you like
Your last nights lodging?

Wi. Very, very well;

The Gamester.

I went not to bed all night.

Mi. You did not lie with

Mistresse Penelope my kinswoman?

Wi. Refuse me if I did.

Mi. You neede not sweare;

But 'twas no fault of yours, no fault no vertue:

But 'tis no place to expostulate these actions.

In breife know 'twas my plott, for I observ'd

Which way your warme affection mov'd, & wrought

So with my honest cozen to supplie

Her wanton place, that with some shame at last,

I might deceive your hard heart into kindnes.

Wi. That, that agen sweete wife, and be a little

Serious; was it your plott to excuse your cozen,

And be the bed-fellow?

Mi. Heaven knowes 'tis truth.

Wi. I am fitted, fitted with a paire of hornes.

Of my owne making.

Mi. Thanke, and thinke upon

That providence that would not have you lost

In such a Forrest of loose thoughts, and bee

Your selfe agen; I am your hand-maid still,

And have learned so much pietie to conceale

What ever should dishonor you.

Wi. It budds,

It budds alreadie. I shall turne starke mad,

Horne mad.

Mi. What aile you? are you vext because

Your wantonnesse thriv'd so well?

Wi. Well with a vengeance.

Mi. I did expect your thanks.

Wi. Yes, I do thanke you, thanke you heartilie,

Most infinitely thanke you.

Mi. Doth this merit

No other payment but your scorne, then know

Bad man, 'tis in my power to be reveng'd,

And what I had a resolution

Should sleepe in silent darknes, now shall looke

Day in the face, i'll publish to the World

The Gamester.

How I am wrong'd, and with what stubbornesse
You have despis'd the cure of your owne fame;
Nor shall my Cozen suffer in her honor:
I stoope as low as earth to shew my dutie,
But too much tramp'l'd on I rise to tell
The World I am a woman.

Vi. No, no; harke you,
I do not mocke you, I am taken with
The conceit, what a fine thing I have made my selfe.
Nere speake on't, thy device shall take; i'le love thee,
And kisse thee for't, tha't paid me handsomelic:
An admirable plot, and follow'd cunninglie,
I'le see thee anon agen, and lie with thee
To night, without a stratagemme: The gentlewomen
Expect thee; keepe all close, deare wife, no sentences.
I am trick'd and trim'd at my owne charges rarely,
I'le seeke out some body agen. *Exit.*

Mi. I have presum'd too much upon your patience,
I have discover'd, and I hope t'will take.

Pene. I wish it may.

Mi. You are sad still, *Leonora.*
Remove these thoughts: come i'le waite on you now
To the Exchange: some toyes may there strike off
Their sad remembrance.

Leo. I attend you.

Mi. Farewell.

Enter Beaumont, and his keeper.

Ke. The gentleman that was yelsterday to speake with you
Is come againe to visite you.

Beo. S. *Richard Hurry?*

Ke. The same, sir.

Bar. You may admit him.

Ke. Men of his quality

Do seldome court affliction, this, I must
Allow, is a most noble gratitude
For those good offices my father did him.

Enter S. Richard.

Hu. Sir, the respects I owe you make me againe
Solliciter for your fastie, and although

The Gamester.

On the first proposition it appears
Strange to you, and perhaps incredible,
Which might dispose you to the slow embrace
Of what I tendred, yet againe brought to you
After a time to examine and consider
What most concernes you, I am confident,
You will accept, and thanke me,

Beo. Noble sir.

You doe expresse so rare a bountie, men
Will sloely imitate; I am not for
Lost in my wilde misfortune, but my reason
Will guide me to acknowledge and paie backe
My service and my selfe, for so much charity
As you have pleas'd to shew me.

Enter Violante.

Vio. Here's for thy paines: they are the same; make good
Thy word, and place me where I may unseene
Heare their discourse.

Ke. This way.

Beo. But with your pardon,
I would desire to heare againe how much
I shall be oblig'd that knowing the extent
Of your desert I maie pay backe a duty,
That may in every circumstance become
My fortune and the benefit.

Hu. Then thus: you are a Prisoner; that alone
Is misery,
But yours the greater, in that guilt of blood,
Not summes that may bee recompenc'd, detaine you.
I'll not dispute the circumstance, *Delamare*
Slaine by your hand.

Beo. I have confest,
The first iurie having found it murder.

Hu. His blood calls to the law for justice, and you cannot
Left to your selfe, and looking on the fact,
Expect with any comfort what must follow.
Yet I in pity of your sufferings,
In pity of your youth which would bee else
Untimely blasted, offer to remove

Your

The Gamester.

Your sorrowes, make you free and right againe,
With cleere satisfaction to the Law.

Beo. Good sir,
Pray give me leave to doubt here. I see not
How ere your will and charitie may bee active
In my desireffe to save me, that you can
Assure my life and freedome, since in causes
Of such high nature, lawes must have their course:
Whose streame as it were wickednesse to pollute,
It were vanitie for any private man
To thinke he could resist. I speake not this
To have you imagine I despise my life,
But to expresse my feares your will does flatter you
Bove what your power can reach.

Pa. For that I urge not
My beeing a Commissioner alone
To doe you service, I have friends in Court,
And great ones, when the rigor of the Law
Hath sentenc'd you to mediate your pardon:
Nor takes it from the justice of a Prince,
Where provocation and not malice makes
Guilty, to save, whom the sharpe letter doomes
Sometimes to execution: I am to farre
From doubting your discharge; that I dare forfeit
My life if I secure not yours from any
Danger for this offence.

Beo. You speake all comfort
Which way can I deserve this?

Ha. That i'll shew you.
I had an obligation to your father
Whose love when all my fortunes were i'th ebbe,
And desperatelie, releev'd mee with large summes;
By whose carefull manage I arry'd at what
I am, and I should be a rebell to
Nature and goodnesse not to love the sonne
Of such a friend by his misfortune made
Ripe for my gratitude.

Beo. You speake your bountie,
But teach not all this while how to deserve it.

Ha.

The Gamester.

Hu. Tis done by your acceptance of my daughter
To bee your Bride.

Be. To be my Bride ? pray tell tell me
Is she deform'd or wanton, what vice has shee ?

Ha. Vice, sir, she will deserve as good a husband,
Shee is handsome though I say't, and shall be rich too.

Beo. Shee is too good, if she be faire or vertuous.
Pardon, I know she is both : but you amaze me,
I did expect conditions of danger ;
A good wife is a blessing above health ;
You teach mee to deserve my life first from you
By offering a happinesse beyond it.

Hu. If you finde love to accept, 'tis the reward
I looke for, *Leonora* shall obey
Or quit a father.

Be. Ha goodnesse defend.
I know you doe but mocke me, and upbraid
My act, that kild her servant : wound mee still,
I have deserv'd her curse : I see her weepe,
And every teare accuse me.

Hu. May I never
Thrive in my Prayers to Heaven, if what I offer
I wish not heartilie confirmed.

Bu. I now
Suspect you are not *Leonora* father,
'Twere better you dissembled, then made her
So past all hope of beeing cur'd agen :
I marry *Leonora* ! can her soule
Thinke on so foule a rape, she cannot sure.

Ha. Shee shall ; I command.

Be. By vertue , but
Shee shanot, nor would I to graspe an Empire
Tempt her to so much staine, let her tell downe
Her Virgin teares, on *Delamores* cold Marble,
Sigh to his dust, and call revenge upon
His head whose anger sent him to those shades,
From whence she nere must see him ; this will justifie
Shee lov'd the dead : it were impietic
One smile should blesse her murderer, and how ere

H

You

The Gamester.

You are pleas'd to complement with my affliction,
I know she cannot finde one thought without her
So foule to looke upon me.

Hu. Let it rest on that, will you consent and timely make
provision for your sattie?

Beo. For my life
You meane, now on the chance, then I may live
You are confident, and thinke it not impossible
Your daughter may affect me, ther's at once
Two blessings, are they not and mightie ones,
Considering what I am, how low, how lost
T'oth common aire?

Hu. Now you are wise.

Beo. But if
Your daughter would confirme this, and propound
Her selfe my victorie.

Hu. What then?

Beo. I should condemne her, and despise the conquest
These things may bribe an *Atheist* not a Lover.
But you perhaps are ignorant, I have given
My faith away irrevocablie, 'tis

The wealth of *Violante*, and I wonot
Basely steale backe a thought, and yet I thanke you,
I am not so inhumane.

Hu. Will you not
Preferre your life
To honor and religion?

Beo. For shame be silent could you make me Lord
Of my owne destiny, and that *Leonora*
Had empires for her dower, and courted mee;
With all the flatteries of life, to quit
My vowes to *Violante*, I would sic
Upon her bosome to mete death.

Hu. And death
You must expect which will take off this braverie.

Beo. And I will kill it, kill it, like a Bride.

Hu. So resolute?

Beo. And if I cannot live
My *Violantes*, I will die her sacrifice.

Good

The Gamester.

Good sir, no more, you do not well to trouble
The quiet of a Prisoner thus: that cannot
Be a too carefull Steward of those minutes
Left him to make his peace, tempt me no further:
The Earth is not so fixt as my resolues,
Rather to die then in one thought transplant
My love from *Violante*.

Hu. Bee undone,
And this contempt shall hasten the divorce
Of soule and love, die and be soone forgotten. *Exit.*

Enter Violante.

Beo. My *Violante*, if there can be any joy
Neighbour too so much greife, i'll powre it out
To pay thy bounteous visit, if my eyes
Admit no fellowship in weeping, 'tis
Because my heart which saw thee first, would bid
Thee welcome thither, scorning to acknowledge
There can be any thing but joy where thou art.

Vio. But sadnes my deere *Beaumont*, while there is
A cause that makes thee Prisoner, I must weepe
And empty many springs, my eyes are now
No prophets of thy sorrow but the witnes,
And when I thinke of death that waits upon thee
I wither to a Ghost.

Beo. Why *Violante*,
We must all die, restraîne these weeping Fountaines,
Keepe 'em till I am dead, dispence 'em then
Upon my grave, and I shall grow agen,
And in the sweete disguise of a faire Garden
Salute the spring that gave mee Greene and odour.
Why should not love transforme us?

Vio. Bee not lost
In these imaginations.

Beo. Or perhapps
Th ast ambition, the whose love made up
A wonder to the World beside the pledge
Of duty to her Lord, sam'd *Arthemisia*
Shall bee no more in storie for her Tombe:
For on the Earth that weighes my body downe

The Gamester.

When I am dead, thy reares by the cold breath
Of Heaven congeal'd to *Beaumonts* memorie,
Shall raise a monument of Pearle to out doe
The great *Mausolus* Sepulcher.

Vio. No more
Of this vaine language, if you have any pittie
On the poore *Violante*.

Be. I ha done,
And yet I am going now to a long silence ;
Allow my sorrow to take leave *Violante*

Vio. It shall be so, be valiant my heart
Beaumont I come not to take leave of thee.

Be. Perhaps you'le see me agen.

Vio. Agen and often,
Thy starres are gentle to thee, many daies,
And yeeres are yet betweene thee and that time
That threatens losse of breath; see, I can thus
Disperse the Clouds fate heavie on my brow,
Wipe the moisture hence, tis day agen;
Take beames into thy eye, and let them sinke
Upon thy better fortune, live, live happilie.

Be. Is *Delamore* alive ?

Vio. Dead and interr'd.

Be. From what can this hope rise ?

Vio. From thy selfe *Beaumont* ;
If thou wilt save thy selfe, I have heard all,
And by the duty of my love am bound
To hide your resolution, can you be
So merciles to your selfe to refuse life
When it is offer'd with the best advantage
Is *Leonoras* love ? a price that should
Buy you from all the World ? be counsell'd sir,
Oh, do not loose your selfe in a vaine passion
For thought of me, I cancell all your vowes,
And give you backe your heart, bee free againe
If you will promise me to live and love.

Be. *Leonora*.

Vio. That best of woman-kinde, a mine of sweetnes.

Be. But can you leave mee then ?

Vio.

The Gamester.

Vio. I justify

Thy choice of me in that, that to preserve thee
Dare give thee backe agen, be *Leonoras*,
For being mine th'art lost to all the World
Better a thousand times, thou be made hers
Then we both loose, i'le pawne my faith sheele love thee
I'le be content to heare my *Beaumonts* well,
And visite thee sometimes like a glad sister,
And never beg a kisse, but if I weepe
At any time when we are together,
Do not beleeve 'tis sorrow makes my eyes
So wet, but joy to see my *Beaumont* living:
As it is now to hope.

Be. If thou dost meane thus

Thou dost the more to inflame me to be constant,
Be not a miracle and I may be tempted
To love my life above thee, by this kisse,
Oh, give me but another in my death
It will restore me by this innocent hand,
While as I wish my soule I wonot leave thee
For the Worlds Kingdome.

Vio. But you must, unlesse

You change for *Leonora*, thinke of that,
Thinke ere you be to rash.

Be. I'le thinke of thee,

And honor to be read, I love *Violante*
But never could deserve her, live thou happie,
And by thy vertue teach a neerer way
To heaven, we may meete yonder, do not make me
More miserable then I am, by adding perjurie
To my bloody sinne, the memory of thee
Will at my execution advance
My spirit to a ——— that men shall thinke
I have chang'd my cause for martyrdom.

Vio. Then here

As of a dying man I take my leave,
Farewell unhappie *Beaumont*, i'le pray for thee.

Beo. Tis possible I may live yet and be thine.

Vio. These teares embalne thee

The Gamester.

If in this World we never meete
My life is buried in thy winding sheete.
Beo. This exceeds all my sorrow.

Act. V.

Enter Wilding.

Wi. I am justly punish'd now for all my tricks,
And pride o'th flesh, I had ambition
To make men cuckolds, now the divell has paid me,
Paid me i'th same coine, and i'le compare
My forehead with the broadest of my neighbors:
But ere it spreads too monstrous, I must have
Some plot upon this Hazard, he supposes
He has enjoy'd *Penelope*, and my trickes
To drive the opinion home, to get him marrie her
And make her satisfaction: the wench
Has oft commended him, he may be wanne too't,
I never meant to part with all her portion,
Perhaps heele thanke me for the moytie,
And this dispos'd on shee's conjur'd to silence.
It must bee so.

Enter Hazard.

Ha. Jacke Wilding how ist man?
How goes the Plough at home? what sayes the Lady
Guinever that was humbled in your absence?
You have the credit with her, all the glorie
Of my nights worke; does shee not hide her eyes,
And blush, and cry you are a fine gentleman?
Turne a toside, or drop a handkercher,
And stoope, and take occasion to leere,
And laugh upon thee?

Wi. Nothing lesse, I know not
What tha't done to her, but shees very sad.

Ha. Sad; i'le be hang'd then.

Wi. Thou must imagine
I did the best to comfort her.

Ha. Shee's melancholy

The Gamester.

For my absence man, I le keepe her company
Agen to night.

Wi. Shee thinks 'twas I enjoy'd her.

Ha. Let her thinke whom she will, so we may couple.

Wi. And nothing now but sighes, and cries I have
Undone her.

Ha. Shee's a foole, I hurt her not,
Shee cried not out I am sure, and for my body
I defie the Colledge of Physicians:
Let a jurie of Virgins search me.

Wi. To be plaine,
Although shee has no thought but I was her bed-fellow,
You are the only argument of her fadnes.

Ha. How can that be?

Wi. When I had meretricie
Excus'd what had beene done, she fetch'd a sight,
And with some teares reveal'd her love to you,
That she had lov'd you long, but by this act
Of mine, d'ee marke, she was become unworthie
To hope for so good fortune, I cannot tell,
But she is strangelic passionate.

Ha. For me?

Wi. For you, but thou art soft and tender-hearted,
And in that confidence I did forbear
To tell her who had done the deede.

Ha. You did so:
'Twas wiselic done, now I collect my selfe,
Shee has sometime smil'd upon mee.

Wi. Nay beleeve it
Shee is taken with thee above all the World.

Ha. And yet shee was content you should
'Bove all the World.

Wi. But 'twas your better fate
To be the man, it was her destiny
To have the right performance, thou art a gentleman,
And canst not but consider the poore gentlewoman.

Ha. What woud'st ha me doe?

Wi. Make her amends, and marrie her.

Ha. Marrie a strumpet?

The Gamester.

Wi. You had first possession,
And thadst beene married earlier couldst but had
Her maiden-head, besides no bodie knowes but we our selves.

Ha. Bee not abus'd I had
No maiden head.

Wi. My greater torment : come, come thou art modest;
Heaven knowes she may be desperate.

Ha. A faire riddance,
Wee have enough o'th tribe, I am sorrie I cannot
Furnish her expedition with a paire
Of my owne Garters.

Wi. I—— of *Athens* growne,
I know thou art more charitable, shee may prove
A happie wife, what woman but has frailty?

Ha. Let her make the best on't, set up shop
I'th *Strand*, or *Westminster*, she may have custome,
And come to speake most learnedlie i'th Note
Bid her keepe quarter with the Constable,
And Justices Clarke and shee in time may purchase.

Wi. Shee has a portion will maintaine her like
A gentlewoman and your wife.

Ha. Where ist?

Wi. In my possession, and I had rather thou
Shouldst have it then another.

Ha. Thanke you heartily,
A single life has single care, pray keepe it.

Wi. Come thou shalt know I love thee, thou shalt have
More by a thousand pound, then I resolv'd
To part with cause I woud call thee cozen too;
A brace of thousands will, shee has to her Portion,
I hop'd to put her off with halfe the summe;
Thats truth some yonger brother woud ha thank'd mee,
And given my *quiens* tush, 'tis frequent
With men that are so trusted, ist a match,

Ha. Two thousand pound will make a maiden-head
That's crooked straight agen.

Wi. Th'art in the right,
Or for the better sound, as the *Grammarians*
Say, I will call it twentie hundred pound

The Gamester.

Belady a pretty stocke, enough and neede be,
To buy up halfe the maiden-heads in a Countie.

Ha. Heer's my hand i'le consider on't no further,
Is shee prepar'd?

Wi. Leave that to me.

Ha. No more.

Wi. I'le instantly about it.

Ha. Ha, ha.

The project moves better then I expected,
What paines he takes out of his ignorance?

Enter Barnacle.

Ba. Oh! Sir I am glad I ha found you.

Ha. I was not lost.

Ba. My Nephew, sir, my Nephew.

Ha. What of him.

Un. He's undone, he's undone, you have undone him.

Ba. What's the matter?

Un. You have made him, sir, so valiant I am afraid
He's not long liv'd, he quarrells now with every body
And roes and dominers and shak's the pen-houses.
A woman that sold pudding-pies, but tooke
The wall on him, and he trips up her heeles,
And downe fell all, the kennell ranne pure white-pot
What shall I doe I feare he will be kild:
I take a little priviledge my selfe
Because I threaten to disinherite him,
But no body else dares talke or meddle with him
Is there no way to take him downe agen
And make him coward?

Ha. There are wayes to tame him.

Ba. Now I wish heartilie you had beaten him
For the hundred pound.

Ha. That may bee done yet

Ba. I'ft not to late? but do you thinke 'twill humble him?
I expect every minute hee's abroad
To heare he has kild some body, or receive him
Brought home with halfe his braines or but one legg.
Good sir

Ha. What woud you have me doe?

I

Ba.

The Gamester.

Bar. I'll pay you for't
If you will beate him foundlie, sir, and leave him
But as you found him; for if hee continue
A blade and be not kild, he wonot scape
The gallowes long, and 'tis not for my honor
He should be hang'd.

Ha. I shall deserve as much,
To allay this mettall, as I did to quicken it.

Ba. Nay 'tis my meaning to content you, sir,
And I shall take it as a favour too,
If for the same price you made him valiant,
You will unblade him: here's the money sir,
As waightie gold as tother; cause you should not
Lay it on lightlie; breake no limb, and bruiſe him
Three-quarters dead, I care not; he may live
Many a faire day after it.

Ha. You shew
An Uncles love in this, trust me to cure
His valour.

Ba. Hee is here; do but observe.

Enter Nephew.

And beate him, sir, accordinglie.

Ne. How now Uncle?

Ba. Thou art no *Nephew* of mine, tha'rt a rascall
I'll be at no more charge to make thee a gentleman,
Paie for your Dice and drinkings, I shall have
The Surgeons bills brought shortly home to me,
Be troubled to baile thee from the Sessions,
And afterwards make friends to the Recorder
For a Repreeve, yes, I will see thee hang'd first.

Ne. And be at the charge to paint the gallowes too;
If I have a minde the waites shall play before me,
And i'll be hang'd in state three stories high, Uncle;
But first i'll cut your throate.

Bar. Blesse me, defend me.

Enter Acre-lesse, Sell-away, Little-stocke.

Acr How now, what's the matter?

Sel Master Barnacle?

Bar. Ther's an ungratious bird of mine owne nest,

Will

The Gamester.

Will murder me.

Lit. He wonot sure ?

Ha. Put up,

And aske your Uncle presentlie forgiveness;
Or I will hofte thee.

Ne. Hofte me ? I will put up
At thy entreatie.

Ha. Gentlemen you remember
This noble gallant.

Acr. Cozen of yours I take it.

Ha. Cozen to a killing, in your company
Lent me a box o' th eare.

Ne. No, no, I gave it,
I gave it free lie ; keepe it, never thinke on't,
I can make bold with thee another time,
Wo'd 't had beene twentie.

Ha. One's too much to keepe.
I am a *Gamester*, and remembred alwayes
To pay the box ; ther's first your principall,
Take that for the use.

Ne. Use ? woud thad'st given my Uncle.

Ha. They have cost him already two hundred pounds
And upwards, shotten Herring, thing of noife.

Ne. Oh, for my man *Dwindle*
And his basket-hilt now my Uncle shall rue this.

Ha. Downe presentlie, and before these gentlemen
Desire his pardon.

Ne. How, desire his pardon ?

Ha. Then let this go round.

Ne. I will aske his pardon ; I beseech you Uncle.

Ha. And sweare.

Ne. And do sweare.

Ha. To be obedient, never more to quarrell.

Ne. Why looke you gentlemen, I hope you are perswaded
By being kicke so patiently, that I am
Not over valiant.

Bar. I suspect him still.

Ne. For more assurance doe you kicke me too.
Am not I patient and obedient now ?

The Gamester;

Will you have any more gentlemen, before I rise?

Ha. If ever he prove rebellious in act,
Or language, let me know it.

Ne. Will you not give
Me leave to roare abroad a little for
My credit?

Bar. Never, sirra, now i'le tame you.
I thanke you gentlemen, command me for
This curtesie.

Ne. Tis possible I may
With lesse noise grow more valiant hereafter:
Till then I am in all your debts.

Bar. Be ruld,
And be my *Nephew* againe: this was my love,
My love deere *Nephew*.

Ne. If your love consist
In kicking *Uncle*, let me love you agen,

Bar. Follow me, sirra.

Acr. Then his *Uncle* paid for't?

Ha. Hartilie, hartilie.

Lit. I thought there was some tricke.

Ha. And whether are you going gentlemen?

Sel. We are going to visit *Beomont* in the Prison.

Ha. Tis charity, but that I have deepe engagements,
I'de waite upon you, but commend my service to him,
I'le visit him ere night; you saw not *Wilding*?

A.L.S. We saw his wife and kinf-woman enter
Sr. Richard Hurries halfe an houre ago.

Ha. His kinf-woman? I thanke you.
You have sav'd me travaile, farewell gentlemen,
Farewell.

*Enter Leonora, and Violante, Mistris Wilding,
and Penelope.*

Leo. My father has some designe, and bad me send for thee.

Wi. Y'are both too sad, come, come, we must divert
This melancholy.

Vio. I beseech your pardon,
But is my *Beomont* sent for?

Leo.

The Gamester.

Leo. Yes: we are
Too private.

Vio. I much feare *Leonora* now,
Shee lookes not sad enough; although I could
Religne my interest freely to preserve him,
I would not willingly be present when
They enterchange hearts, she will shew too much
A tyrant, if she be not satisfied
With what was mine, but I must be moite
To be their triumph.

Enter Hazard.

Ms. Master Hazard?

Ha. All things
Succeed beyond your thought, pray give me a little
Opportunitie with your kins-woman. *Exit. Ms. Leo. Vio.*

Leo. Weele withdraw.

Ha. I know not how to wooe her now, sweet Lady?

Pene. Your pleasure, sir?

Ha. Pray let me aske you a question.
If you had lost your way and met one,
A traviler like my selfe, that knew the coast
O'th countrey, would you thanke him to direct you?

Pene. That common manners would instruct.

Ha. I thinke so.

Pene. But there are many waies to the wood, and which
Would you desire, the nearest path, and safest
Or that which leads about?

Without all question.

The neereft and the safest.

Ha. Can you love then?

Pene. I were a divell else:

Ha. And can you love a man?

Pene. A man, what else, sir?

Ha. Y'are so farre on your way. Now love but me,
Y'are at your jourmies end, what say to me?

Pene. Nothing, sir.

Ha. That's no answer, you must say something.

Pene. I hope you'le not compell me.

The Gamester.

Ha. D'ee heare Lady?
Setting this foolerie aside : I know
You cannot chuse but love me.

Pené. Why?

Ha. I have beene told so.

Pene. You are easie of beleefe
I thinke I should be best acquainted with
My owne thoughts, and I dare not be so desperate
To conclude.

Ha. Come you lie ; I could have given't
In smother phraze : y'are a dissembling gentlewoman.
I know your heart, you have lov'd me a great while.
What should I play the foole ? if you remember
I urg'd some wild discourse in the behalfe
Of your lewd kindfman, 'twas a triall of thee
That humor made me love thee ; and since that thy vertue.

Pene. Indeece sir ?

Ha. Indeece, sir ? why I have beene contracted to thee.

Pene. How long ?

Ha. This halfe houre, know thy portion, and shall have it.

Pene. Strange.

Ha. Nay i'le have thee too.

Pene. You will ?

Ha. I cannot helpe it ; thy kind cozen will have it so :
Tis his owne plott, to make thee amends, ist not
Good mirth ? but 'tis not love to thee or mee,
But to have me posselt hee is no cuckold :
I see through his device, thou art much beholding to him :
He meant to have put thee off with halfe thy portion,
But that if things come out we should keepe counsell.
Say ist a match ? I have two thousand pound too
I thanke the Dice, lett's put our stocks together,
Children will follow ; he is here already.

Enter Wilding.

Wi. So close ! I am glad on't, this prepares, *Will Hazard,*
And my yong Cozen ; a word *Penelope.*

Ha. Now will he make all sure.

Wi. You us'd me courselie,
But I have forgot it, what discourse have you

With

The Gamester

With this gentleman?

Pene. He would seeme to be a Tutor.

Wi. Entertaine him; d'ee heare, you may do worse, be rul'd.

'Twas in my thought to move it, does he not

Talke strangelie?

Pene. Of what?

Wi. Of nothing, let me counsell you
To love him, call him husband.

Pene. I resolve

Never to marry without your consent.

Enter Acre-lesse, Little-stocks, Sell-away

Ha. Gentlemen, welcome.

Pene. If you bestow me, sir, I will be confident

I am not lost, I must confesse I love him.

Wi. No more: then loose no time, kinde gentlemen,

Y'are come most seasonably to be the witnesses

Of my consent, I have examin'd both

Your hearts, and freely give thee here my kinswoman:

No sooner shall the Church pronounce you married

But challenge what is hers.

Ha. Two thousand pound.

Wi. I do confesse it is her portion

You shanot stay to talke, nay gentlemen,

Pray see the busines finish'd.

A.L.S. We attend you.

Wi. So, so, this will confirme him in the opinion,

Penelope was the creature he enjoy'd,

And keepe off all suspition of my wife;

Who is still honest in the imagination

That only I embrac'd her, all secure,

And my browes smoothe agen, who can deride me?

But I my selfe, ha, that's too much I know it,

And spight of these tricks am a *Cornelius*.

Cannot I bribe my conscience to be ignorant?

Why then I ha done nothing, yes advanc'd

The man, that grafted shame upon my fore-head:

Vexation, parted with two thousand pound,

And am no lesse a cuckold then before

Was I predestin'd to this shame and mockerie?

Where

The Gamester.

Where were my braines? yet why am I impatient?
Unlesse betrai'd he cannot reach the know ledge,
And then no matter—yes I am curst agen,
My torment multiplies, how can he thinke
He plaid the wanton with *Penelope*
When he finds her a maide? that ruines all:
I wot she had beene strumpeted, he knowes
My wives Virginitie to well, I am lost,
And must be desperate, kill him; no, my wife.
Not so good, death is over blacke and horrid,
And I am growne ridiculous to my selfe.
I must do some thing.

Enter Sr. Richard Hurry.

Hu. Master *Wilding*, welcome,
Y'ave beene a great stranger.

Wi. Do you know me?

Hu. Know you?

Wi. They say I am much alter'd alate.

Hu. There is some alteration in your forehead.

Wi. My forehead?

Hu. Tis not smooth enough, you're troubled:
Your wife's within.

Wi. Shee loves your daughter, sir.

Hu. When saw you Master *Beaumont*?

Wi. Not to day.

Hu. I have sent for him; pray stay, and witnes
His further examination, I propounded
A way to doe him good but he is obstinate.
Would I could change condition with him!

Wi. He is not troubled now with being a cuckold,
You shall command.

Enter Mistris Wilding, and a Servant.

Hu. Your husband Lady,

Wi. Wife you are a whore

You shall know more hereafter,
I must goe live i'th Forrest.

Mi. And I i'th Common.

Wi. Shee le turne prostitute.

Hu. Attend him hither. Master *Beaumont's* come

The Gamester.

Nay you shall favour me so much, here's the gentleman

Enter Master Beaumont with Officers.

Already.

Bea. Sir, your pleasure by your command I am brought hither,
I hope you have no more to charge me with

Then freely I have confest. *Hu.* Yes.

Bea. I must answer

You can have but my life to satisfy;

Pray speake my accusation.

Hu. Besides the offence knowne and examin'd

You are guilty

Of that which all good natures do abhorre.

Bea. You have a priviledge, but do not make me

Good sir, to appeare monstrous, who are my

Accusers?

Hu. I am one.

Bea. And my judge too:

I have small hope to plead then, but proceede,

And name my trespass.

Hu. That which includes all

That man should hate; ingratitude.

Bea. You have

Preferred a large inditement, and are the first

That ever chargd me with't, it is a staine

My soule held most at distance, but descend

To some particular; this offence doth rise

Or fall in the degree, or reference

To persons sinn'd against, to whom have I

Beene so ingratefull?

Hu. Ingrate as high as murder. *Bea.* To whom?

Hu. Thy selfe, to whom that life thou oughtest to cherish

Thou hast undone

Bea. I am not so uncharitable

How ere you please to urge it, but I know

Why you conclude so, let me, sir, be honest

To heaven and my owne heart, and then if life

Will follow, it shall bee welcome.

Ha. Still perverse:

Stand forth my *Leonora*, looke upon her.

K

Bea.

The Gamester.

Bea. I see a comely frame which cannot bee
Without as faire a minde.

Hu. With her I make
Once more a tender of my wealth and thy
Enlargement.

Wi. How can you discharge him, sir?

Hu. Take you no care for that, it shall be secur'd
If he accept, 'tis the last time of asking,
Answer to purpose now.

Bea. There shall neede none,
Sir, to forbid this marriage, but my selfe;
My resolution but warme before
Is now a flame I honour this faire Virgine,
And am too poore to thank your love, but must not
Buy life with so much shame, I am *Violante*,
My last breath shall confirme it.

Wi. *Beaumont* thinke on't
A little better, be not mad; if this be possible
Embrace her instantlie.

Bea. Shee does not looke
With any countenance of love upon me;
See, shee does weepe.

Wi. Shee love thee afterwards,
And shee doe not, she can but cuckold thee
There be more i'th *Parish man*.

Hu. Since you are so peremptory
So peremptory : here receave your sentence.
Live and love happilie.

Vio. My dearest *Beaumont*.

Wi. To what purpose is this? he must be hangd for *Delamore*.

Hu. Heer's one can cleere the danger.

Wi. The *Surgeon*? did not you say he was dead?

Sur. I did, to serve his ends, which you see noble :
Delamore is past danger, but wants strength
To come abroad.

Leo. You give me another life.

Hu. I see heaven has decreed him for thy husband,
And that have my consent too.

Leo. Now you blesse me.

Hu.

The Gamester.

Ha. I wished to call thee sonne, pardon my triall
Joy ever in your bosomes.

Bea. I feele a blessing
That onely can be thought, silence my tongue,
And let our hearts discourse.

Enter Hazard, Penelope, Acre-lesse, Little-stocke, and Sel-away

Ha. You leave gentlefolks; who wishes joy,
And a bundle of boyes the first night?

Ha. Married.

Pene. Fast as the Priest could tie us.

A.S.L. We are witnesses.

Ha. Cozen two thousand pound; and Ladie now
Tis time to cleere all.

Wi. I'le be divorc'd now
Wife y'are a Whore.

Ha. Ho there, no bug-words, come
Wee must tell something in your care. Be merry
You are no cuckold, make no noise, I know
That's it, offends your stomake. *Wi.* Ha!

Ha. I touch'd not her, nor this with one rude action.
Weele talke the circumstance when you come home.
Your wife expected you, but when I came
She had prepar'd light, and her Cozen here
To have made you blush and chide you into honesty
Seeing their chast simplicities, was wonne
To silence, which brought on my better fortune.

Wi. Can this be reall

Mi. By my hopes of peace
I'th tother World you have no injury:
My plot was onely to betraie you to
Love and repentance.

Pene. Be not troubled, sir,
I am a witnes of my Cozens truth,
And hope youle make all prosper, in renewing
Your faith to her.

Ha. Be wise and no more words
Thou hast a treasure in thy wife, make much on her:
For any act of mine, she is as chast
As when she was new borne. Love love her Jacke.

Wi.

The Gamester.

As when she was new borne. Love; love her Jacke.

Wi. I am a sham'd, pray give me all forgiveness.

I see my follies, heaven invites me gently

To thy chaste bed, be thou againe my dearest,

Thy vertue shall instruct me: joy to all:

Here be more. ——— *Delamore* is living,

And *Leonora* mark'd to injoy him,

Violante is posselt of *Beaumont* too.

Ha. These be loves miracles: a spring tide flow

In every bosome.

Hu. This day let me feast you

Anon wee'le visit *Delamore*.

Leo. My soule

Longs to salute him.

Ha. Here all follyes die.

May never *Gamester* have worse fate then I.

FINIS.

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